

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII. IN GERMANY: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING HIS NEW RAILWAY SALOON, PROJECTED TO RUN IN CONJUNCTION WITH THAT NOW IN USE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HOMBURG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

An Irish writer, whose work delights all true lovers of imagination, has been describing in the *Monthly Review* how he practises magic. In Paris one day he went for a stroll in the early morning, and was busily dramatising some fanciful predicament as he passed a domestic at the door. He thought of nothing worse than a mild accident to his arm, which he was to carry in a sling. When inquiry was made for him later, the servant said she had seen him go out with his arm in that interesting condition. He had not consciously exercised any will over her; but when a poet of romantic aspect crosses the vision of a sympathetic serving-maid, what wonder that the imaginary disaster which amuses his mind should imprint itself as visible fact upon hers? If Mr. W. B. Yeats had pictured himself carrying his head under his arm, no doubt the girl would have been an eye-witness of that singular proceeding. On another occasion Mr. Yeats was thinking of a message to send to a friend some hundreds of miles away; and his apparition delivered it in the course of the night.

There must be something in the Irish temperament that accounts for such magical behaviour. After reading Mr. Yeats's article, I wished with such intensity to be at Ostend that some part of me is actually there, engaged upon this present writing. I have appeared to my friend, M. Luigi, the manager of the Palace Hotel, who is looking more like Bismarck than ever. He does not seem to regard me as an apparition amidst the comfortable throng of his visitors. I do not feel at all spectral at meal-times. Perhaps I ought to save him from a painful surprise by saying, "My dear Luigi, I am not the man you suppose, but only the phantasm of an Irish magician, who has cast a spell upon you. I am the spell, and he is still in London. Magic, like everything else, is imperfect; and I assure you that, although I am handsomely lodged and fed, my other self is eating the bread of toil. Moreover, whatever he writes I have to write in duplicate. We hope to introduce labour-saving machinery into the world of magic, but in the meantime there are sad hardships. So if I should suddenly vanish when a little memorial of yours reaches me by the hand of a waiter, you must think kindly of the poor phantasm, my dear Luigi, and wish him better days."

I was sitting near the Kursaal this morning when several documents were slipped into my hand. They were invitations to a sale of cigars, to a consultation with a professor of chiromancy, and to a *concours de beauté*. Should I contribute my unearthly loveliness to the beauty competition? The magical process gives you the benefit of transfiguration, so that while the magician in London remains passing plain, the phantasm at Ostend looks into a crystal, and perceives a signal improvement of his complexion. I decided that intrusion into the beauty show would be unfair to the competitors who knew nothing of magic. But why not prove to the professor of chiromancy that I was equally chiromantic? The professor was a lady, and when I presented myself, a startled look came into her eyes. "Things are not what they seem," I remarked in a professional tone. "Remember the fateful words of a true prophet: 'Do I sleep? do I dream? or is visions about?' Let us consult a symbol." I poured some ink upon a blotting-pad. "What see you in that blot?" I demanded. She gazed at it with dilating pupils. "I see a man in a dressing-gown," she said, "making his morning coffee. He upsets the coffee-pot, and mutters strange expressions in English. He is very like you, but not so beautiful. He smites his brow, and wishes he were at Ostend." "'Tis true," I said, "and I am his phantasm, the projection of his wish. Have you ever seen a phantasm make a golf-ball of his head?" In a flash of hypnotic inspiration she saw that remarkable spectacle, and when I walked out, the other chiromancer was in a swoon.

Mr. Yeats thinks that if the magical aspect of history were better understood, historians would change their methods. How could a Danish historian, let us say, explain the career of Hamlet if he knew nothing about the visits of the Ghost? To the grief of the poet, we have ceased to believe in witches, diabolical possession, and other marvels that used to govern the regular course of public affairs. Astrologers, who were once the counsellors of monarchs, cannot make a creditable living. Statesmen consult no oracle save the ballot-box. So politics have no interest for Mr. Yeats, who would be glad to write leading articles if the newspaper public would only believe that the freaks of legislation are due to the intervention of the pixies.

An American correspondent in England earnestly assures me that all Americans are not proud of their native accent. Early in life he made a great resolve to be rid of it, and has so far succeeded that he has lately been taken for "an Irishman, a Canadian, and a North-country Briton." "Yesterday" (he writes) "a man from my native town approached me with the glad hand, intending probably to borrow some money (I knew

him); but my new accent frightened him so much that he apologised for addressing a stranger, and made off hurriedly." Thousands of Americans, my correspondent proceeds to state, share his sentiments, although they have not all emancipated themselves so far as to speak a tongue that might be Irish, Scotch, or Canadian. But what is the English accent that is desired with such touching faith? A Parisian accent is the perfection of French speech; but is there any London accent that makes this standard for English? In my youth I knew a singular student who told me that he wished to speak French as it was spoken in an English drawing-room. When I suggested that the French drawing-room might offer the better criterion, he wore a superior smile. Now, the English of the English drawing-room is often quite as original as the French that rises from the same well of diction undefiled.

In one of Mr. Zangwill's novels there is a duchess with a vernacular rather staggering to any reader who supposes our language to grow in refinement as it ascends the social scale. But a duchess may talk as she pleases, and she commonly does. She has not to pass any examination in her parts of speech before she is qualified to mate with a coronet. The American student who has the opportunity of listening to her accent when she opens a bazaar may find it lacking in the precious finish which distinguishes the speech of some young commoners from Oxford. I mention this merely to show how misleading our caste distinctions may be to the devotee of a perfect utterance. The duchess may not say "flitters" when she means "fritters"; but you can never tell what popular idiom may not be sanctified by her august station. Becky Sharp was amazed when she found that the elderly person of mean appearance, and idiomatic simplicity, who carried her trunk from the cab into the Crawley mansion, was her new employer, and a baronet. Anthony Trollope said that he wondered at Thackeray's courage in offering such a baronet to the British public. I daresay this is still considered an outrage in some polite circles. Did not a learned person write an essay a few years ago to show that the "Book of Snobs" is incompatible with the principles of the Church of England?

Becky Sharp is now figuring as the heroine of a play at one of the London theatres; and I was much edified by the determination of one dramatic critic to seize this opportunity of putting "Vanity Fair" in its proper place. It was lucky for Thackeray's reputation, I learned, that it did not rest upon "the worst of his novels." The story was "turgidly and confusedly told"; the characters were "puppets"; the novel was "hardly ahead" of "Pickwick" in its views of life, and was "infinitely less true." Tolstoy, who had achieved what Thackeray essayed in vain, had said that it was impossible for people to live in such a "mean and sordid atmosphere" as that of "Vanity Fair." Tolstoy is a great literary artist who has handled the mean and the sordid, among other things, with consummate skill, and has perceived the great moral as well as artistic value of the mean and the sordid in Maupassant. If he still took any interest in novels, he might be surprised to hear that "Pickwick" was preferred to "Vanity Fair" as a standard of truth. This judgment has the merit of freshness. So had the judgment of the critic who set out to prove that his intellect was superior to Shakspeare's, and ended by demanding the creation of a new human nature, because, for literary and dramatic purposes, Shakspeare had used up the old lot.

I have received from Philadelphia a paper called the *Conservator*, which gives a good deal of its space to the Bacon-Shakspeare controversy. The most original contribution shows that Bacon's pleasant habit of hiding ciphers in his works so that people might find out some day that he wrote Shakspeare, Marlowe, Greene, and indeed the whole Elizabethan drama, has been imitated by illustrious persons in our own time. For instance, there is a gentleman named Burke, who is a great Baconian, in the United States. He wrote Walt Whitman, and did not want the world to know it just then. So, with the connivance of Whitman, he introduced a cipher into "Leaves of Grass," and this has just been discovered by Mr. Ernest Crosby. It bears all the well-known marks of authenticity. Capital letters, properly singled out, combine with conjectural vowels to reveal the interesting secret. As Mr. Crosby points out, Dr. Burke is a learned man and Whitman was a vagabond, a tramp, a person of no education. How could the deep philosophical thoughts of "Leaves of Grass" enter his common brain? Greene, who was mortally jealous of Shakspeare, described his rival as an "upstart crow," tricked out in stolen feathers. It is odd that Greene should have claimed the feathers when he must have known them to be Bacon's. Whitman was another crow. Fortunately, as Mr. Crosby observes, Dr. Burke, unlike Bacon, is still living, and can now assume the feathers that he created for another. That he might thereby risk odious comparison with the jackdaw of the fable is a thought that need not trouble him. For of course the Whitman feathers would only have flown homewards.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," AT THE COMEDY.

That clever playwright, Mr. Esmond, is at once prone to combine accurate observation with conventionality, and not too careful to choose subjects capable of dramatic treatment. It is questionable, for instance, whether Pendennis's infatuation for the Fotheringay could be made effective in the playhouse, and certainly the gradual method of disillusionment employed by Thackeray was the only artistic one. Yet Mr. Esmond has adopted just such a theme—a novelist's theme—in his new stage work, and has boldly plumped for rapid action, and therefore extravagant situations. At first, however, "When We Were Twenty-One" seemed to promise merely a "pleasant" artificial play, redeemed by delightfully natural dialogue and a charming live heroine; a story, indeed, of sentimental misunderstanding: for here, too, is a girl (engaged mistakenly to a young lad) who obviously loves, consistently teases, and is predestined to propose to her modest and obtuse middle-aged guardian. But, alas! the author spoils a pretty conventional comedy by plunging straight into crude sensationalism. Backed by a tedious chorus of elderly friends, the quixotic hero must figure, to save his boy protégé, in a night-club scene as lurid as any shown in melodrama, and claim as his the woman whom, to his horror, he finds the lad has married. An agreeable happy ending somewhat restores the old atmosphere of engaging sentiment, but it requires all the archness and tenderness of Miss Maxine Elliott's Phyllis, it needs all the virtuosity of Mr. Nat Goodwin, to blot out the vulgarity of the third act, and to humanise Mr. Esmond's drama.

## THE DRAMA OF THE SUBURBS.

Musical comedy and melodrama share this week exclusively the programmes of the suburban theatres. For once in a way musical comedy is rather sparsely represented. "The Gay Parisienne" figures at the Metropole; "The Messenger Boy" at the Grand, Woolwich; "The French Maid" at the Shakspeare, Clapham; and "The Girl from Up There" at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington. But at every other outlying playhouse melodrama reigns without a rival. Thus two recent Drury Lane successes, "The Great Ruby" and "The Price of Peace," occupy the respective stages of the Duchess's, Balham, and the Grand, Islington, while two old Princess's favourites, "The Still Alarm" and "Two Little Vagabonds," are to be seen, the former at the Camden, the latter at the Crown, Peckham. Perhaps, however, the most interesting play now presented in the suburbs is the famous Adelphi melodrama "One of the Best," based, it will be remembered, on the Dreyfus case, and represented at Kennington this week.

## THE VARIETY THEATRES.

The music-halls which are offering any very special novelties just now are four—the Alhambra, the Pavilion, the Oxford, and the Tivoli. Other variety theatres, of course—the Palace, with its elaborate drawing-room entertainment, the Empire, with its ballet divertissement, "Les Papillons," etc., and the Hippodrome, with its hunting "sensation"—provide no less acceptable amusement. But the new vogue, for instance, of "sensational" and perilous cycling finds scope only at the Alhambra, the Pavilion, and the Oxford; while it is at the Tivoli alone that visitors can make acquaintance with the great counter-attraction—the exhibition of "baritsu," or the real art of self-defence, as shown by Japanese exponents. The popular Tivoli, by the way, celebrated its tenth anniversary on Tuesday evening last, and presented to a packed audience a monster programme containing nearly sixty "turns." Meantime, the Oxford, which shares with the Tivoli its most piquant entertainer—Happy Fanny Fields, the German-American comédienne, has been entirely redecorated, re-upholstered, and re-ventilated, and is now one of the most handsome and comfortable of London playhouses.

## THE LITERATURE OF SPORT.

The literature of sport, and by sport we mean field-sports, is in great part the literature of British sport. We are, beyond all others, a sporting people. Apart from its intrinsic interest, therefore, the literature of sport is important as throwing light upon a special quality of our race.

The intrinsic interest of this literature appeals to sportsmen chiefly, but not wholly. Izaak Walton's method with a gudgeon or a trout, "Nimrod's" or Tom Smith's style in the hunting-field, or, say, the evolution of the fox-hound—these, examples of the staple of the literature of sport, are "caviare to the general." But when Walton writes of the May morning when he went fishing, when John Colquhoun writes of a wonderful run with a salmon, or St. John of "The Muckle Stag of Benmore," or when Thomas Stoddart writes—

A whirr! A birr! A salmon's up!

they write for all who can enjoy the art of writing. There the literature of sport has become sporting literature.

Sport has been influenced by the introduction and the breeding of horses, by the increased interest taken in



natural history, by the revolutions in social attitude manifested in the forest and game laws, by the working in men's minds of a humanitarian spirit; above all, by the introduction of firearms—causes and effects reflected in the wider life of the nation. So that when we pass from the literary quality of the mass of writing upon sport, and consider it as illustrating the habits and manners of a great people, its value ceases entirely to be esoteric.

Among the first books chronologically to appear in the bibliography of sport is Juliana Barnes', or Berners', "Book of St. Albans." It is usual to speak of it as the very first volume on the subject, but recent researches have discovered a Flemish tract for which a good claim to priority can be made out. Popular history enshrines Dame Juliana Berners as a Prioress, of good lineage, distinguished for her learning. Modern authorities declare that all that is known about her is that she lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and possibly compiled from existing manuscripts some rhymes on hunting. Her title of Dame is the Mrs. of present usage, they say; there is no evidence of good lineage, and none that she was learned or a Prioress. Thus our cherished traditions are swept away! But the book, whosoever wrote it, is a good book, from the sportsman's point of view. Angling experts, for example, assert that it anticipates a very great deal of our modern lore and practice in fishing, even the use of the bayonet-pointed hook and gaff.

Coming down the list, about a hundred years later we reach a name familiar to all who grope in these musty treasure-houses of sport—Gervaise Markham. Sport and agriculture are his subjects, and it would baffle the wit of the keenest bibliophile to draw up a complete and accurate list of his works. Markham's literary character is in dispute. He has been named the earliest of English hacks, and Ben Jonson said of him that he was "but a base fellow." We are safe in writing him down a book-maker. The third son of a good Nottinghamshire family, he was a soldier of fortune, a scholar, and a linguist. But before everything else he was an author, and an author so industrious and prolific, and in his methods of compilation so ingenious, as to be a pest to the booksellers of his day, and a snare to all catalogue-makers since. The latter have had no remedy, but Markham's bookselling contemporaries believed they had found one. They drew up a paper, which they forced him to sign, in which Gervaise Markham, gentleman, promised that he would never write another book on the "Diseases of Horses" so long as he lived!

From Markham, a contemporary of Ben Jonson, we pass to the last of the Elizabethans—Izaak Walton. Of him so much has been written and chattered of recent years that there is nothing left to do save to read him. There are some of the Walton group, however—amusing gentlemen, rather than classical—who are not so well known as they ought to be. Such, for example, is Mr. Thomas Barker, to whose "Barker's Delight: The Art of Angling," Walton, before he became acquainted with Cotton, was indebted for his fly-fishing lore. Barker was a quaint and humourous personage, who, it is customary to hold, was a cook. It seems that the only evidence of that is gathered from his book; but if Barker is to be dubbed a cook because he set forth the manner of dressing his game as well as of catching it, what may not future generations say of the late Mr. Sala, or of Professor Saintsbury? Barker, at any rate, was a good fisher, and, as such, finds a niche in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Somewhere about the year of Walton's death was born William Somerville. He was of good family, was educated at Winchester, a Fellow of New College, and was described by Dr. Johnson as "distinguished as a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful Justice of the Peace." Somerville's own account of himself to Ramsay is "A Squire, well born, and six feet high." This is nearer the truth, probably, than Johnson's account—for Johnson took fancies. Somerville, however, wrote a poem, "The Chase," which preserves his memory. It contains many better lines than any in John Gay's "Rural Sports," which appeared about the same time. For one thing, Somerville, who was himself an ardent fox-hunter, knew what he was writing about—which Gay, in the "Rural Sports," often did not.

Fifty years further on, we reach the period of the magazines of sport, which begins towards the end of the eighteenth century. The first and greatest of these, the *Sporting Magazine*, owed its success greatly to its original owner and editor, a bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard of the name of Wheble, who was the publisher also of the *Middlesex Journal* (in which Wilkes' pen appeared), and was called to the Bar of the House for the undue freedom of his press. Next to Wheble, the most valuable man connected with the *Sporting Magazine* was Charles James Apperley, who began writing in it on hunting, and made his pen-name of "Nimrod" famous. The *Sporting Magazine* had several rivals—among them the *New Sporting Magazine*, in which Jorrocks made his bow, and the *Sporting Review*, to which Whyte-Melville was a regular contributor. About the middle of the last century, however, all of them were amalgamated with the old *Sporting Magazine*, which continued to appear until 1870, when it went down, as "Nimrod" had predicted, before the modern sporting newspaper.

Among the contributors to the sporting magazines we find many of the most notable sporting writers of the last hundred years. We have alluded to Apperley, Surtees, (the creator of "Jorrocks"), Whyte-Melville; others were Charles Brindley, ("Harry Hieover"), Cornelius Tongue, Captain Carleton (better known as "Craven"), while we must not forget the sporting artist, Henry Alken. Meanwhile, of course, sporting books had been pouring from the press in increasing numbers. Many of the best of them, as judged by the sportsman, are little known to the general public. But Scrope, St. John, Colquhoun, Christopher North, Jesse, Stoddart, Charles Kingsley, made a wider literary appeal by their writings on sport, and in this respect they are not unworthily followed by Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Senior, Sir Edward Grey, and others among us to-day.

## A POET OF THE INEXPRESSIBLE.

The new edition of Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Poems" (Fisher Unwin) has for frontispiece a portrait reproduced from a pencil-sketch by his father. It shows the author of the "Wanderings of Oisín" rather than the poet of "The Countess Kathleen," having been drawn some years ago, as the date on the pencil-sketch shows. The most important feature of the volume lies in the revision of "Countess Kathleen." To that strangely arresting drama of the supernatural he has added an entire new scene—a declaration of love—between the bard Aleel and the Countess. We say a "scene," but in the stage-meaning of the word he has thrown two scenes into one, to form a setting for the new dialogue—as we should more strictly have called it. The hazardous experiment is entirely successful, and managed with remarkable skill. The new passage is marked by all Mr. Yeats's finished art, and maintains unflatteringly the exalted ærial atmosphere of the drama. It is, indeed, no human love-scene, but the encounter of two demi-spirits, so rarefied is the emotion on either side. One could wish, perhaps, a little more of the passionate perturbations of human love, such as Mr. Yeats has before now united with the præter-human spirituality in which, by choice, he moves. But if not his best, it is excellent. The volume, as a whole, emphasises triumphantly that single and subtle witchery of "faery lands forlorn" in which Mr. Yeats is the only living master among English poets. (For, by virtue of his tongue, we must claim him among English poets.) That haunting and perfect poem, "The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland"; the "Lake Isle of Innisfree"—of magic all compact; the enchanting song in "The Land of Heart's Delight," and, indeed, the whole of that little play, with the unearthly remoteness of its illusive atmosphere: these are a few of the things which declare the poet's illusive and elusive charm. It is as a wind that comes to us from the hills of sleep, and defies analysis. The mere vocabulary others have, if in less perfect degree; but the effect is beyond all vocabulary, the words are magnetised. Mr. Yeats, as the volume reminds us, has tried many paths; scarce any without success. His ballads are very good, capturing the true ballad power of simplicity, selection, and election, with no superfluous stanza, no needless link, yet no mistaken and obscuring compression. But to that leading gift of conveying the inexpressible Mr. Yeats returns—and we. He might cry with the old playwright—

Oh, I speak of things impossible,  
And cast beyond the moon!

It is a handsome volume, which all who care for true poetry will hasten to place upon their shelves. We should perhaps add that it does not include Mr. Yeats's last two poetic publications, the "Wind Among the Reeds," and "The Shadowy Waters." F. T.

The New Palace Steamers Company announce that *La Marguerite* will make a special trip to Dunkirk on Sept. 17 or 18 (whichever date is fixed for the Naval Ceremony), to visit the French Fleet, which is there to be reviewed by the Czar of Russia; leaving Tilbury at about 8.30 a.m., with special first-class trains from Fenchurch Street at 7.30 a.m. and St. Pancras at 7.5 a.m. The fare for the return journey will be one guinea.

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	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Doncaster.....	9 <sup>55</sup> 12 <sup>53</sup>	3 <sup>18</sup> 6 <sup>23</sup>		
Doncaster.... dep.	Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 10, 11, & 12.		Friday, Sept. 13.	Saturday, Sept. 14.
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
King's Cross ..	6 <sup>55</sup> 9 <sup>5</sup>	4 <sup>40</sup> 8 <sup>5</sup>	4 <sup>50</sup> 8 <sup>15</sup>	9 <sup>19</sup> 11 <sup>2</sup>

\* Luncheon or Dining Cars for First and Third Class Passengers are attached to these trains, and passengers who desire to travel in the Cars must take Luncheon or Dinner Tickets at the Booking Office, King's Cross, or Station Master's Office, Doncaster, respectively.

† Will stop at Wood Green, Alexandra Park, to set down passengers desiring to visit Alexandra Park Races.

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Special Time Tables will be issued at Doncaster on St. Leger and Cup Days, showing times of departure of Express, Ordinary, and Special Trains from Doncaster.

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Certain of these trains will call at Harrow, Rickmansworth, Aylesbury, Brackley, and Rugby.

RETURN TIMES.—Trains will return at convenient times from Doncaster (St. James' Bridge).

ORDINARY PASSENGERS.—First and Third Class Single Tickets at ordinary fares will be available by these Express Trains. These Fast Trains provide facilities for ordinary passengers from London intending to view the races each day and residing at points adjacent to Doncaster.

SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

IRELAND.—Cheap bookings on frequent dates.

SATURDAYS, Sept. 14 and 28, for 3, 6, and 8 days, to Accrington, Blackburn, Bolton, Brackley, Bradford, Burnley, Chester, Chesterfield, Cleethorpes, Darlington, Doncaster, Durham, Ely, Gainsborough, Grimsby (Town and Dock), Halifax, Hartlepool, Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughborough, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Northallerton, Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Rotherham, Rugby, St. Helens, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, South Shields, Stockport, Sunderland, Wakefield, Warrington, West Hartlepool, Whitby, Widnes, Wigan, Workson, York, and many other points in the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice, for 3, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days, to Blackpool (Talbot and Central), Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Cliffton, Douglas, Ely, Fleetwood, Grimsby (Town and Dock), Liverpool, Lytham, New Cleve, Redcar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Anne's, Saltburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whitby, White Bay.

WEEK ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.—EVERY SATURDAY (for half-day, 1, 2, or 3 days) SUNDAYS (for 1 or 2 days) MONDAYS and THURSDAYS (for half-day and 1 day) to Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calvert, Charwelton, Culworth, Fimmere, Helmdon, Leicester, Loughborough, Luttreth, Rugby, Whetstone, Willoughby, Woodford and Hinton.

Tickets (dated in advance), bills, and all information can be obtained at Marylebone Station, also of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross, and at all Great Central Ticket Offices.

Manchester. WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

## SUMMER HOLIDAYS

ON THE NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, AND ESSEX COASTS.

BRACING AIR, HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, CROMER, MUNDESELEY, CLACTON, WALTON, HUNSTANTON, FELIXSTOWE, DOVERCOURT, ALDEBURGH, SOUTHWOLD, SOUTHELD, BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, HARWICH, WROXHAM.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS from Liverpool Street and Suburban Stations, also East London Line Stations.

ACCELERATED and IMPROVED EXPRESS SERVICE OF TRAINS.

YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, and CROMER, in three hours.

BREAKFAST and LUNCH CARS on Morning and Evening Trains.

SUPPER TRAIN to CLACTON from Liverpool Street at Mid. light on Saturdays.

Excellent facilities for YACHTING, FISHING, GOLFING, also combined RAIL and BOAT TOURS and many other attractions.

## DAILY CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO SOUTHEND, CLACTON, WALTON, HARWICH, EPPING FOREST, RYE HOUSE, &c.

FARMHOUSE AND COUNTRY LODGINGS LIST.

All particulars free by post on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, SWITZERLAND, and ITALY.—The Cheapest and

Most Comfortable Route is via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and the picturesque Seine Valley. Fast Royal Mail Steamers and Corridor Trains. Two Express Services leave London 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. daily. Through Bookings to all parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy.

DIEPPE WEEK-END.—Special First Class Service (the Last of the Season) from Victoria, Saturdays, Sept. 7 and 14 only, 1 p.m., returning from Dieppe Monday morning, arriving at Victoria 1.25 p.m. Fare 30s.

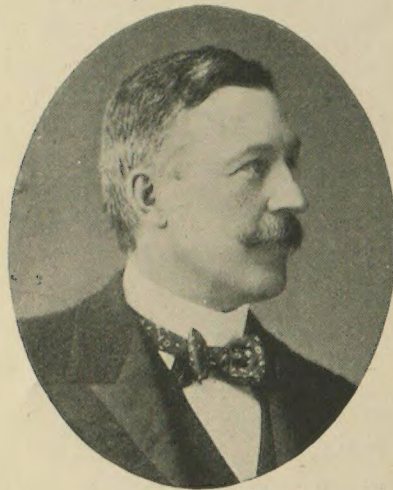
Full particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.



## PERSONAL.

The King, who has been playing golf at Homburg, and is to join in a hare-hunt on King Oscar's Island of Hoven, follows the records of sport into the waters off New York. A fortnight hence *Shamrock II.* will enter on the great competition for the Cup. Naturally, the King, on patriotic grounds, wishes the British boat to win.

Mr. Edmund Beckett Faber, whose return for the Andover Division of Hampshire gives him his first experience of Parliament, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Wilson Faber, of Northaw, Herts, and a nephew of Lord Grimthorpe. He was born in 1847, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered Beckett's Bank, of Leeds and Thirsk. His business capacities have various fields of activity; for he is Chairman of the English Country Bankers' Association, Chairman of the *Yorkshire*



Mr. E. B. FABER,  
New M.P. for Andover.

*Post*, and a Director of the London and North-Western Railway. His return adds to the pairs of brothers in the House, for the new member stands in that relation to Mr. George Faber, who sits for York.

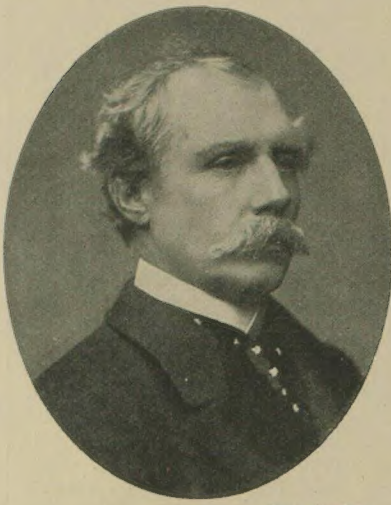
Earl Roberts will visit Devon next week, and will be the guest of Sir William and Lady Butler at Government House, Devonport. The official residence of the local General in Command faces Mount Edgcombe, with its delightful gardens and slopes, wooded down to the margin of the sea.

The Society of Friends has just lost a sort of Cardinal Mezzofanti in linguistic acquirements. This is Mr. Edward Sutton, whose death is reported from Higher Crumpsall, and who knew forty languages. The Cardinal, it will be remembered, spoke fifty-eight. Great linguists, hardly less than great poets, may be said to be born, not made. Drudgery will do much; but your true linguist, who acquires a new tongue easily, fluently, and accurately, has a place among the possessors of a certain phase of dramatic imagination.

Captain Harry Norton Schofield, who has got the Victoria Cross at last for his services in saving two guns at Colenso, was born thirty-seven years ago. He entered the Royal Artillery when he was nineteen, and had taken his Captaincy when he became A.D.C. to General Sir Redvers Buller, and did the deed of daring which is now well known, and which the second thoughts of officials, better than their first, decided could not be fitly rewarded even by the Distinguished Service Order. Captain Schofield is a famous hunter when he is at home in the Market Harborough country.

The retirement of Lord Salisbury has been mooted. The evening paper which managed to announce the going of Mr. Gladstone before his own friends were aware of it again takes on itself the duty of bidding the first adieu to a statesman. This time, however, no immediately ensuing event is announced—only a probability born of surmise and calculated on birthday statistics. No doubt the time will sooner or later arrive, and then, equally beyond doubt, the Dukes will add one to their number where the Ministry loses its leader.

Sir Charles Anthony Brooke, G.C.M.G., who is now on a visit to London, is best known in Borneo, and perhaps even in England, as Rajah Brooke of Sarawak. Born seventy-two years ago, and educated at Crewkerne Grammar School, he entered the Royal Navy and attained the rank of Lieutenant. He married Margaret, daughter of Clayton de Windt, of Blunsden Hall, Wilts; and in 1868 he succeeded his uncle, Sir James Brooke, as Rajah of Sarawak, the second of his line. To some people, doubtless, the announcement of the Rajah of Sarawak's arrival in England suggested merely the coming of "an interesting Eastern potentate." His Highness is all that, and an English gentleman besides.



RAJAH BROOKE OF SARAWAK,  
Now Visiting London.

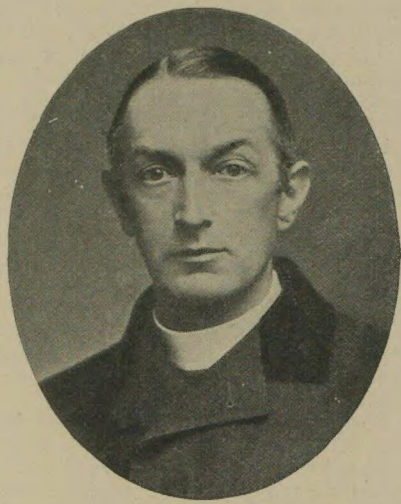
Londoners, and indeed the community at large, learned with surprise, not altogether remote from sensation, that on Sept. 2 Dr. Krause, the former Commandant of Johannesburg, had been arrested on his arrival from Inverness at the St. Ermin's Hotel. On the following morning he was brought up at Bow Street Police Court, and charged under the Fugitive Offenders

served in the Soudan, and was present at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum, where he was slightly wounded. A year ago he was promoted into the newly formed Irish Guards, and went to South Africa on special service. In the train attacked by the Boers, Colonel Vandeleur, after warning the women to lie down, was proceeding along the corridor when he was shot. Lord Kitchener attended his impressive military funeral.

The Venerable William Pelham Burn, Archdeacon of Norwich, who met his death in the Tyrol on Sept. 2 by falling over a cliff during an apoplectic seizure, took his degree in 1882. Two years later he was ordained, and accepted a curacy at Kensington, which, with a break of two years' service at Bodmin, he held until his appointment to the Vicarage of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, in 1890. His Archdeaconry dates from last year. His hospitality and kindness when last the Church Congress was held at Norwich made him many friends, and—what is not always the case—his popularity was equally great among the clergy and the laity.

If a good many Coronation details are put aside for consideration at a more convenient season, the question of accommodation for guests is already one that presses. Competition for eligible quarters is keen. Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House will not nearly suffice for foreign royalties and their representatives, and there is talk of taking the Carlton Hotel.

The German Crown Prince was deeply interested in Blenheim Palace, as well he might be. German in its name, it recalls, in its features, the scene of Marlborough's great fight—the trees in the Park having been planted somewhat on the plan of the disposition of his troops. The general verdict passed on the Crown Prince by the country-house public that he has encountered is that he is good-looking, is charming in his manners, but not clever. As to that last clause, we remember the time when very much the same thing was said of his father.



THE LATE VEN. W. PELHAM BURN,  
Archdeacon of Norwich.



THE CASE OF DR. KRAUSE: AN INCIDENT OF HIS CAREER.  
SKETCH (FACSIMILE) MADE AT THE TIME BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT JOHANNESBURG.

Act with high treason in the Transvaal. The proceedings before Mr. De Rutzen were quite formal, and the prisoner was remanded for a week. On the occasion of Lord Roberts' entry into Johannesburg Dr. Krause accompanied him to the Government offices. The Doctor is a member of the English as well as the Transvaal Bar, and has been a frequent visitor to the library and common-room of the Middle Temple this year. He used to wear a short beard, but is now clean shaven, with the exception of a slight moustache.

The public shares to the full Lord Kitchener's deep regret for the loss of that "most promising officer," Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Vandeleur, D.S.O., who was killed near Waterval last week. The eldest son of Mr. Hector Vandeleur, of Kilrush, County Clare, he was born in 1869, was educated at Eton, and entered the Scots Guards in 1889. His promotion was rapid; and in 1896, after the Nandi Expedition, he had his D.S.O. A year later he served in the Niger-Soudan Campaign; and in 1899 he had his Captaincy, and his brevet-Majority on the following day. Under Lord Kitchener, who now laments him, he

Mr. Gerard Augustus Lowther, the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Santiago, is forty-two years of age, and is a younger brother of Mr. J. W. Lowther, Chairman of Committee of the House of Commons, and a nephew of the third Earl of Lonsdale. Mr. Gerard Lowther entered the Diplomatic Service in 1879, and has seen varied service in Madrid, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Sofia, Bucharest, Tokio, Budapest, and lastly, Washington, where he has been for a couple of years Secretary to the Embassy. Mr. Gerard Lowther may be called a hereditary diplomatist; for his father, the Hon. William Lowther (of Lowther Lodge, Kensington), was at one time Secretary of Legation at Berlin and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic.

Mr. George Wyndham is taking a rather arduous holiday in the congested districts of Ireland. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is with him, and the two political comrades and personal friends have been the guests of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury (the latter the stepdaughter of Mr. Wyndham) at their Irish seat on Lough Foyle. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is regarded as a future Chief Secretary.



CAPTAIN SCHOFIELD,  
Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Colenso.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. VANDELEUR,  
Killed in Action near Waterval.



MR. GERARD A. LOWTHER,  
New British Minister at Santiago.



THE GUERILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE SKIRMISH AT THE BLOCKHOUSE NEAR BURG-SPRUIT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOOLVILLE.

*On June 27, Muller and Viljoen attacked the Leicesters and Irish Fusiliers at the Burg-Spruit Blockhouse. Several men who went out to return the Boer fire were suddenly attacked from the opposite direction, and were all wounded before they could regain shelter.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.

The Roman encampment at Saalburg, restored by the Kaiser and recently visited by the King, consisted of an outer crenelated wall surrounded by a double moat and pierced with four gates, one of which only is now completely reconstructed. In the central part stands the Prætorium, a vast building not yet roofed entirely, beyond which the peristyle surrounding the sacellum, or temple, completes the main portion of the building. There are remains of baths, wells, stores, houses, etc., which will all be restored to their former aspect, the whole, of course, being done from the actual remains found *in situ*, and supplemented by materials of the same nature drawn from the neighbouring mountains in the way of stone and wood. The place is vastly interesting, and his Majesty took pleasure in viewing what progress had been made since his last visit, for work is necessarily slow: everything is massive and heavy, and is intended to last longer than the original construction when made by the Romans on the extreme border of the Empire to check the German tribes. The restoration will be completed in two years. His Majesty has also interested himself in the lawn-tennis tournaments at Homburg, and presented the first prize for the ladies' open singles. It took the form of the royal monogram arranged as a brooch, the E being in blue enamel and the VII. in brilliants, a crown in diamonds and rubies surrounding the whole. The King honoured Miss Lowther, the winner, by handing it to her himself on the closing day, Aug. 27. On the following Thursday his Majesty visited the Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt at Wolfsgarten, and returned to Homburg in his motor-car. He is expected to arrive at Fredensborg on the 8th of this month. During his stay at Fredensborg his Majesty will pay a brief visit to the King of Sweden, and also probably honour Count Frejus by joining his sporting party at Fevesenborg, in Jutland. The Duke and Duchess of



THE KING OF DENMARK, THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND KING EDWARD VII. (AS PRINCE OF WALES) PLAYING BILLIARDS AT FREDENSBORG PALACE.

inhabited by the solan goose. Its earliest historical association is with the hermit, St. Baldred, who died on the rock in 756. In 1671 the Government purchased the

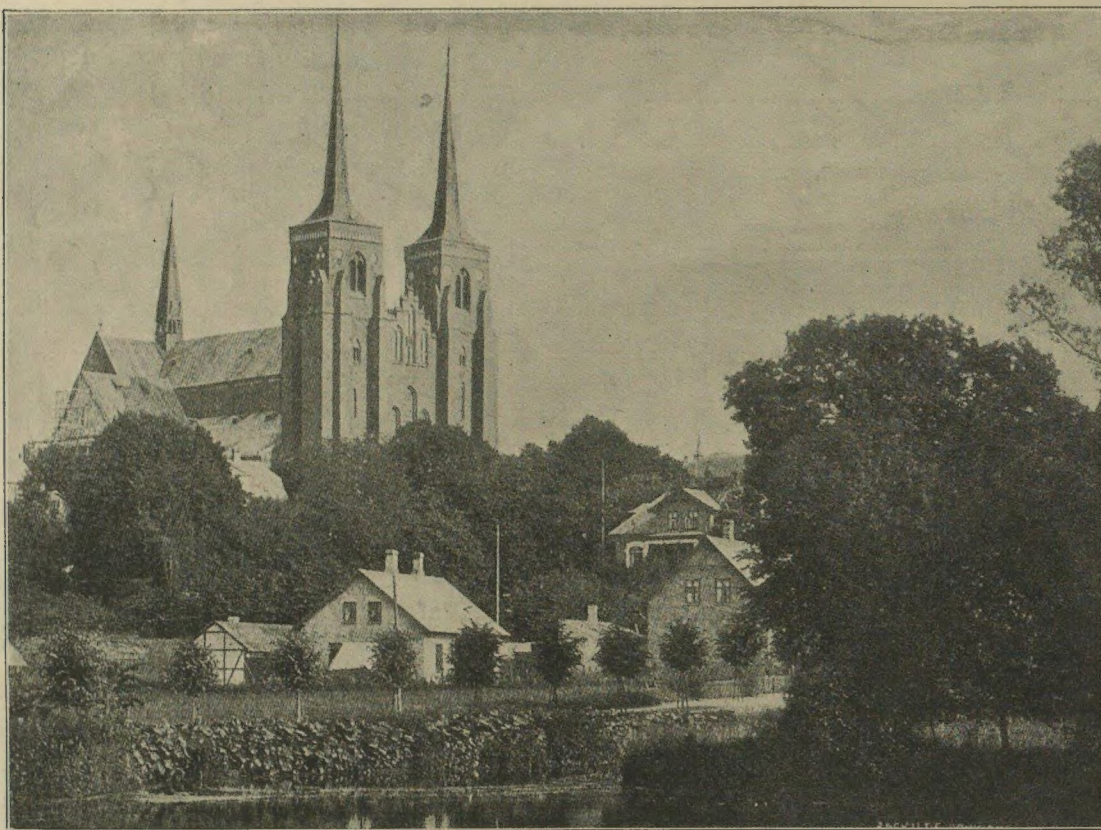
on the Bass after four years' imprisonment. "Its an unco' place, the Bass," says R. L. Stevenson in "Catriona," where the feeling of prison-life on the rock, with its cries of solan geese and the "plowter" of water among the stones, has been realised with wonderful fidelity. The prisoners' garden and well, a chapel, a long subterranean passage, and the crumbling ruins of the prison and defences alone tell the tale of former strength. How strong it was is attested by the fact that after the Revolution it was held by four determined young Jacobite gentlemen (who were afterwards reinforced by a dozen others) from June 1691 to April 1694. Of the antiquities of the place Stevenson makes David Balfour say: "The old garden of the prison was still to be observed. . . . a little lower stood a chapel or hermit's cell. Who built or dwelt in it none may know, and the thought of its age made a ground of many meditations. The prison, too, was a place full of history, both human and divine. I thought it strange that so many saints and martyrs should have gone by there so recently and left not so much as a leaf out of their Bibles or a name carved on the wall."

## MANŒUVRES AT LA ROCHELLE.

Some eminently successful landing operations were executed in the neighbourhood of La Rochelle on Aug. 28 by French soldiers and sailors. The two transports conveying the troops were escorted from Brest to La Rochelle by the Northern Squadron. A cannonade took place between the battle-ships and the forts, with the result that the latter were theoretically demolished. The manœuvres, which were attended by General André, Minister of War, were carried out with great rapidity, the way in which the men hauled the "65" guns up the steep beach being specially praised.

## THE DONIBRISTLE COLLIERY DISASTER.

A terrible disaster, resulting in the loss of eight lives, occurred in Pit 12 of the Donibristle Colliery on Aug. 26. Seventeen miners were at work in a section of the pit which lies under Mossmorran Moor, six miles east of Dunfermline, and two of them were engaged in constructing an air-shaft at the eastern end. They had penetrated to within twenty or thirty feet of the surface, when the ground above them collapsed, and some two acres of the moor fell into the workings with a loud report. Seven of the men were able to escape at once, but



THE KING'S VISIT TO DENMARK: THE DOMKIRKE AT ROSKILDE, WHICH THE ROYAL PARTY INTEND TO VISIT.

Connaught, accompanied by their daughters, are travelling on the Continent as Earl and Countess of Sussex.

## THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

France, characteristically excited over the visit of her ally, will welcome the Czar and Czaritsa at Dunkirk on the morning of Sept. 18. The formal greetings will be given by M. Loubet, and on the next day the Czar will depart for Compiègne, where he will reside until the 21st. The famous château of Napoleon III. is undergoing many alterations, necessitated by the changes which have taken place in our ideas of luxury and comfort since the building last sheltered a royal personage. The furniture of the imperial bed-rooms is being modernised, and the Empress Eugénie's apartments will be assigned to the Czaritsa. Compiègne was a fortification in the time of Joan of Arc, who, after defending it against the Duke of Burgundy, was made prisoner in 1430. The palace was rebuilt under Louis XIV. and his two successors, and it was restored on a scale of wonderful magnificence by Napoleon I. Here the First Consul married Marie Louise; and under the Third Empire, Compiègne was the scene of many of the most brilliant fêtes of the Court of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. The parks and forest extend to about 36,000 acres.

## THE BASS ROCK.

At the entrance to the Firth of Forth, upon the Bass Rock, an islet which enshrines some of the most romantic and stirring traditions of Scottish history, the Northern Lights Commissioners are erecting a lighthouse. The rock is a circular mass of lava, has an area of seven acres, and towers to the height of 313 ft. Its soil is all under pasture, on which sheep are fed, and its cliffs are

Bass for the sum of £4000, and turned it into a fortress and State prison. There many Covenanting worthies were confined, the most notable being John Blackadder, who died

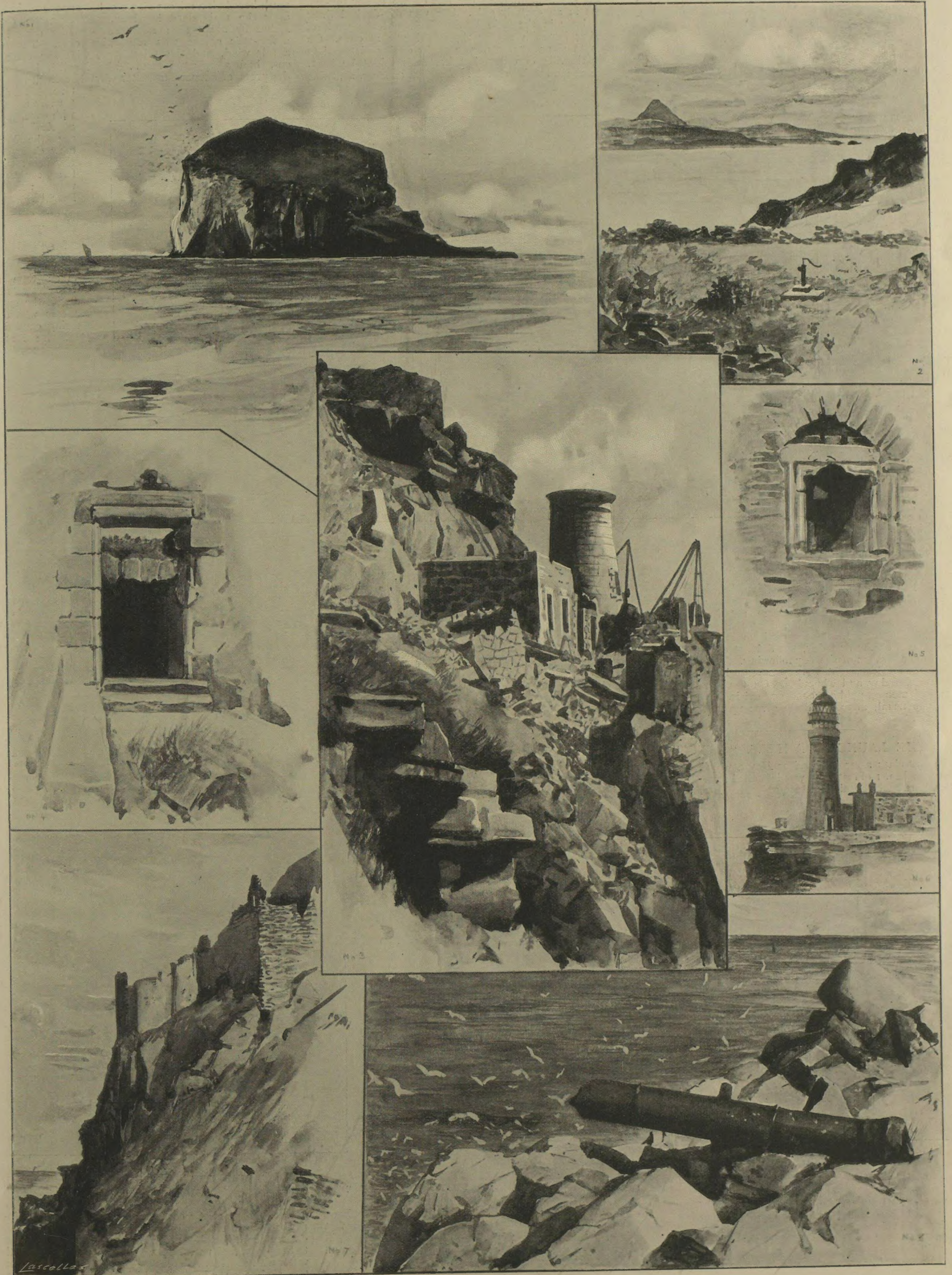


A ROYAL CYCLING PARTY AT FREDENSBORG PALACE.



# THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE ON THE BASS ROCK.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, FROM SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE BASS ROCK.



1. THE BASS ROCK, FROM THE BERWICK COAST.
2. THE PRISONERS' GARDEN, LOOKING UP THE FIRTH OF FORTH, WITH BERWICK LAW IN THE DISTANCE.
3. THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE WORKS.
4. CELL WHERE JOHN BLACKADDER, THE COVENANTER, DIED AFTER FOUR YEARS' CONFINEMENT.
5. OLD FIREPLAC. IN THE CASTLE.
6. TYPE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE IN PROCESS OF ERECTION.
7. THE PRISONS.
8. A RELIC OF THE PAST.



the remaining ten were entombed. By the following day two temporary shafts had been sunk, and an attempt made to reach the imprisoned men, during which four of the rescue party were also buried. Five of the ten miners who had been unable to escape when the accident happened were rescued early in the evening, but as the sixth, Alexander Bauld, was being brought to the surface, he and two of his rescuers fell, and were buried. Bauld heroically gave up his first chance of rescue in favour of his married companions. At one o'clock on Thursday morning, the new shaft being nearly complete, Robert Law volunteered to descend. An hour later, the signal to raise the looped rope was given from below, and one by one Law and the three men he had rescued were dragged to safety. A search-party of six entered the mine by means of an air-shaft in the afternoon, but could find no trace of the men still missing. At the end of the week all hope of reaching the eight men left in the workings was abandoned.

### THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

The Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show was opened at Ball's Bridge on Aug. 27, and attracted an exceptionally large number of visitors. Hunters formed the majority of the thirteen hundred exhibits, and it is said that a finer collection of this class has never been shown in Ireland. Thoroughbred sires were not included this year, as they will be exhibited at the spring cattle show. The Lord Lieutenant paid an informal visit to the ground on the first day, but did not attend in state until the afternoon of the day following. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present privately on both the Wednesday and Thursday. On the latter day the Lord Lieutenant paid a second state visit. The last day was, as usual, almost entirely given up to the sale of hunters.

### THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "ESSEX."

The first-class armoured cruiser *Essex*, which was laid down on Jan. 1 of last year, was launched from Pembroke Dockyard on the evening of Aug. 29 by Mrs. Barlow, wife of

### "SHAMROCK II." IN AMERICA.

*Shamrock II.*, the British challenger for the America Cup, escorted by the *Erin*, arrived at New York on Aug. 12, encountering no worse mishap on her passage across the Atlantic than the loss of two of her top-sail sheets in an easterly gale. She was dry-docked three days later in the Erie Basin Yard, and the work of refitting her with racing rig was begun at once. On the 17th she was floated out of the dock and towed to Tompkinsville in order that her sails might be bent. Since the owner's arrival in America on Aug. 21, trials

the *Quand Mème* nineteen. The course on the first day was about ten miles, sailed twice over, and in a spanking breeze the two yachts crossed the line on very even terms. For a short time the French vessel had a slight lead, but the *Magdalen* contrived to pass the mark-boat half a minute ahead of her opponent. Thereafter she maintained her lead, and beat the *Quand Mème* by about nine minutes. On the second day a five-mile course was run twice over. There was a fair wind, and the *Magdalen*, with her spinnaker out, had a splendid lead. The English boat stood the press of canvas far better than her rival, and won the Hundred Guinea Cup with ease. At the conclusion of the race the French crew cheered the English crew, and the compliment was returned heartily.

### THE MOSQUITO PEST.

Some time ago we illustrated in detail the experiments which are being carried out in the Roman Campagna for the reduction of the mosquito plague. It has been established beyond doubt that these insects are the cause of the dissemination of malarial microbes, and further light has been thrown upon the subject by Major Ronald Ross, R.A.M.C., who returned from West Africa on Sept. 2, after having conducted extensive investigations into the origin and

spread of malarial fever. At Freetown, the investigators employed workmen to destroy mosquito larvæ, and within thirty-four days they had cleared more than two thousand houses, with the result that the number of mosquitoes has been largely reduced, and it was hoped that there would be a corresponding abatement in cases of malaria. This week we illustrate an experiment which has been made at Staten Island by Dr. Alvah H. Doty, Health Officer of the Port of New York. His method was to destroy the mosquitoes with petroleum, and he attacked Müller's Pond, which has for years been a breeding-place, to the discomfort of the inhabitants of Concord, where malaria has been prevalent. Dr. Doty proposed to distribute oil over the water, and for that purpose he contrived a wooden float eight feet long and four feet broad. Within this, in

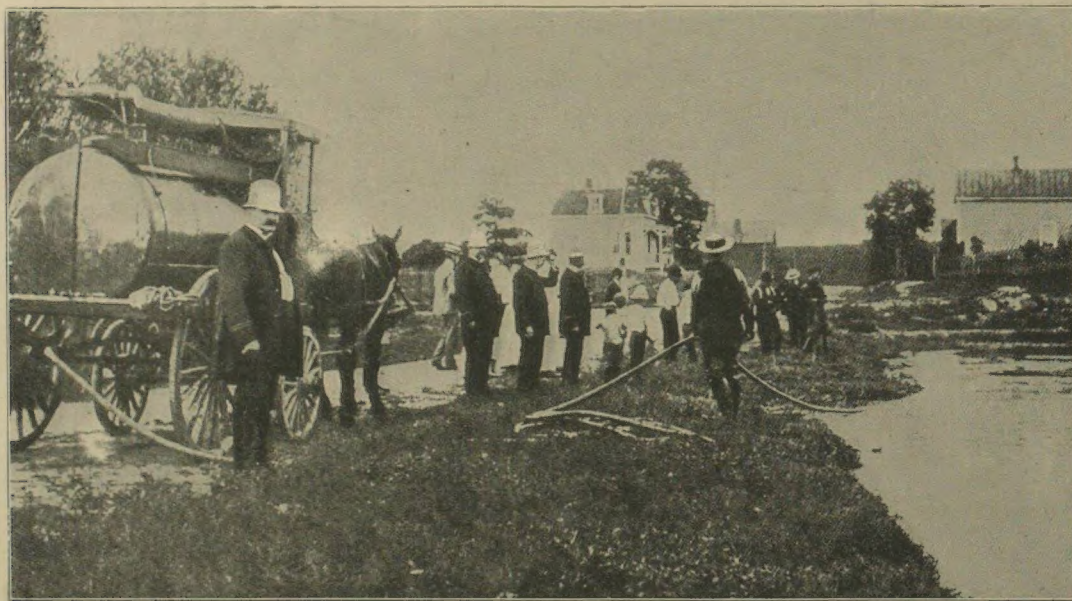


THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: A NIGHT ATTACK AT CAROLINA.

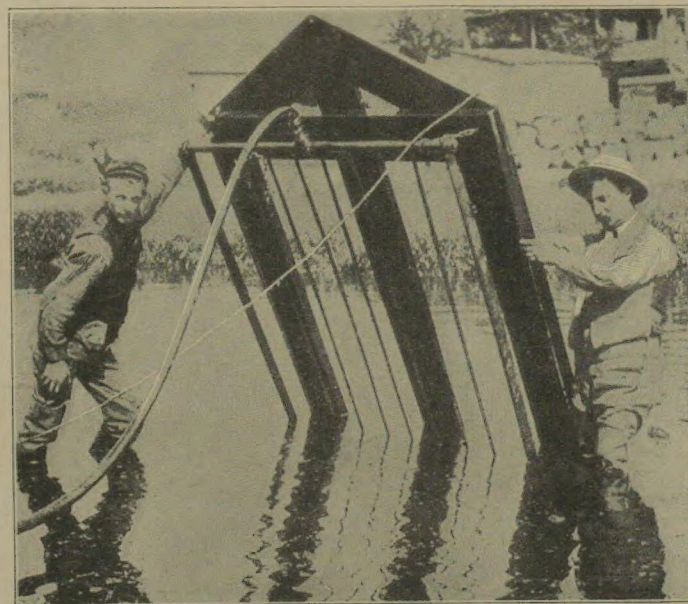
SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY PRIVATE FARQUHARSON, 2ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

An attack was made by the Boers on the British camp at Carolina on the night of July 21. They had two pom-poms, with which they raked the camp from end to end. The garrison was composed of six companies of the Seaforths and a section of the 42nd Field Battery. The Artillery horses stampeded, and the Boers, thinking that mounted men were coming out, made off.

have been frequent. On all occasions the challenger has behaved excellently, at one trial showing an occasional speed of fourteen knots. The length of her spinnaker boom has caused perhaps the greatest interest in yachting circles. A prominent American designer said of the British vessel: "The most marked difference between the challenger and her rival is that the freeboard of *Shamrock* is at least eight inches lower-sided than that of *Constitution*, which is, as a whole, a very satisfactory, fast craft. While her greatest width is fairly far forward, the reports circulated regarding the same have been much exaggerated. This is due to her short forward overhang, as compared with the extremely long counter, rather than to any marked departure in this regard below the water-line. It is not true that her boom is over 125 ft. long. It is really not more than



SPREADING OIL ON A POND IN STATEN ISLAND.



THE FLOAT FOR DISTRIBUTING THE OIL.

### THE PREVENTION OF THE MOSQUITO PEST BY PETROLEUM.

the Captain-Superintendent of the dockyard. The new vessel belongs to the "County" class, and is one of the ten cruisers now being built. It is expected that she will be ready for commissioning either late in 1902 or early in 1903. Her length between perpendiculars is 440 ft., her extreme breadth 66 ft., her mean draught 24 ft. 6 in., and her displacement 9800 tons. The twin-screw propelling engines with which she is fitted will, it is expected, enable her to make twenty-three knots an hour in a calm sea, and to maintain an average of twenty-one knots. She will carry fourteen 6-in. guns, and ten 12-pounder and three 3-pounder quick-firing guns, in addition to two submerged torpedo-tubes. Some four thousand people witnessed the launch.

110 ft. in extreme length. I do not think she shows power enough to drive through the water as fast either as *Columbia* or *Constitution*, but the margin of victory for the Americans is undoubtedly small with even conditions."

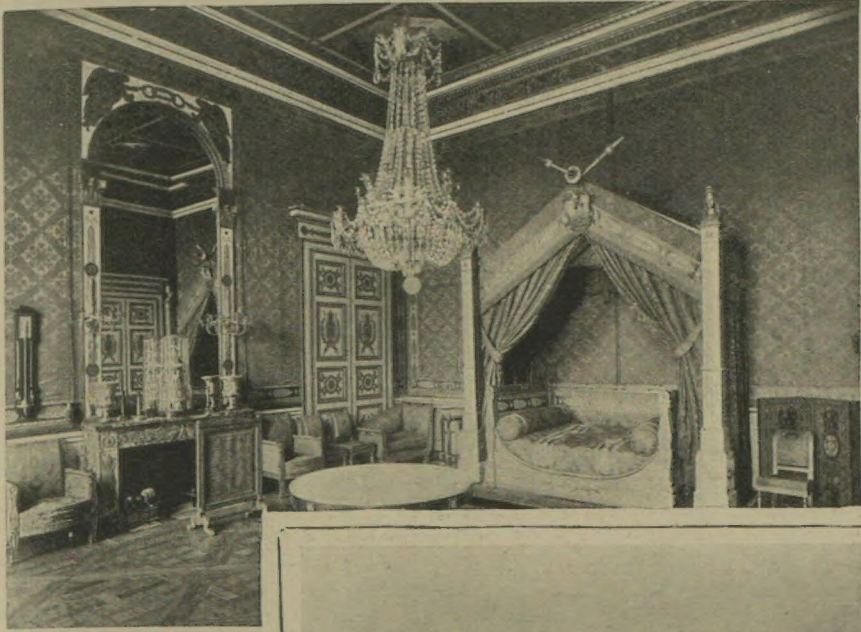
### THE ANGLO-FRENCH YACHT-RACE.

The yacht *Quand Mème*, built by the Duc Decales, and the *Magdalen*, owned by Baron de Forest, raced at Weymouth for the Hundred Guinea Cup, England v. France, on Aug. 28 and 29. Both yachts are cutter-rigged, and are very similar in appearance. According to French measurements, the *Magdalen* is twenty-one tons, and

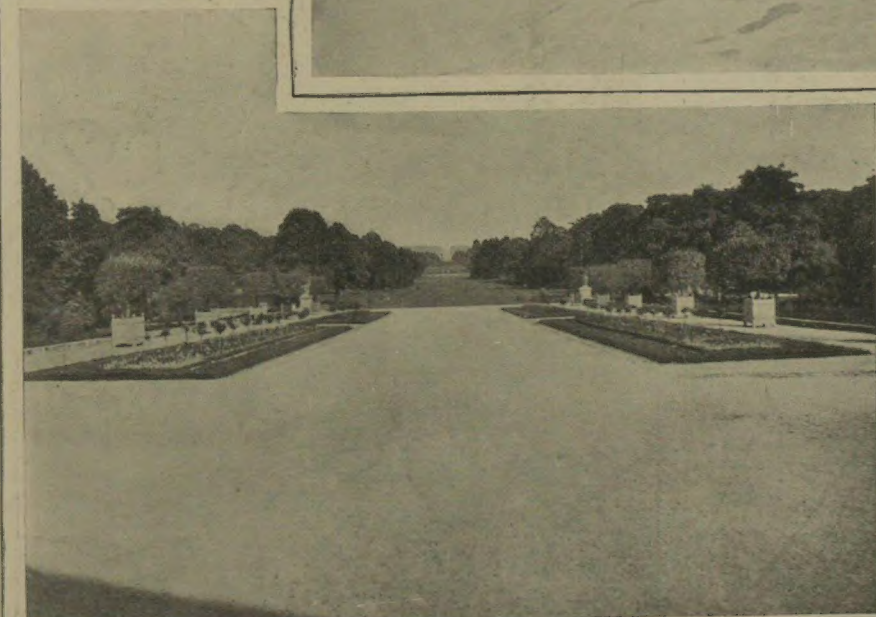
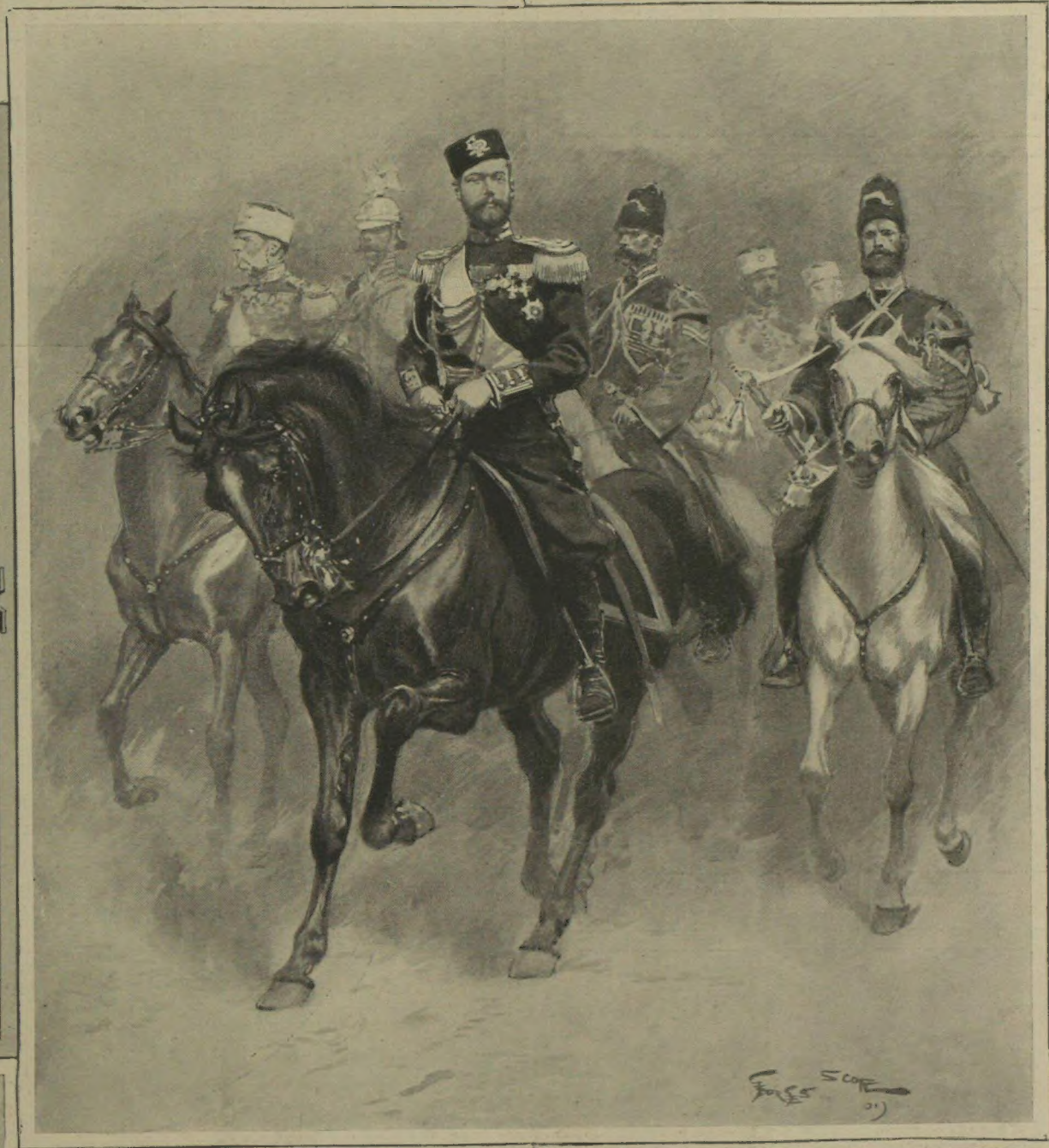
a manner somewhat resembling a harp, were placed pipes perforated with small holes six inches apart. A hose, connected with an oil-tank, and a pump were then attached to the pipes, and petroleum was driven down through the water with considerable force. There is thus formed upon the surface an oily scum which destroys the floating larvæ of the mosquito. During the process of distribution the float is pulled backwards and forwards over the pond so that every inch of the surface is treated with petroleum. The ground around the pond has been cleared of rank vegetation, and the banks have also been saturated with oil. Dr. Doty will now watch the health reports of his district for some indication that his experiment has been successful.



# THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE: SCENES AT COMPIÈGNE.



A. HUGH FISHER.



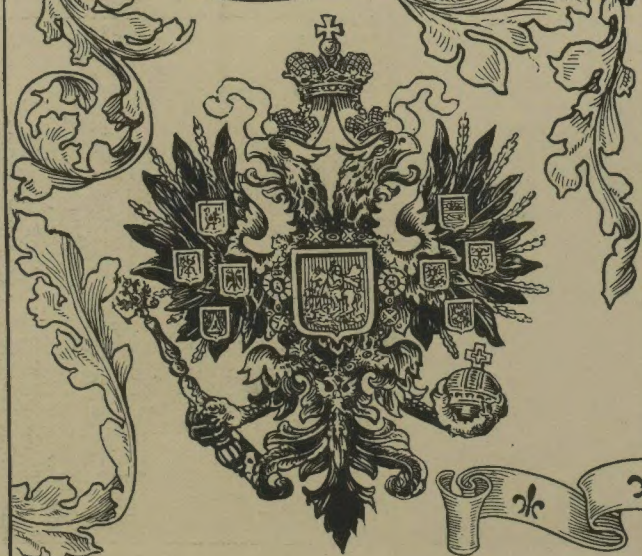
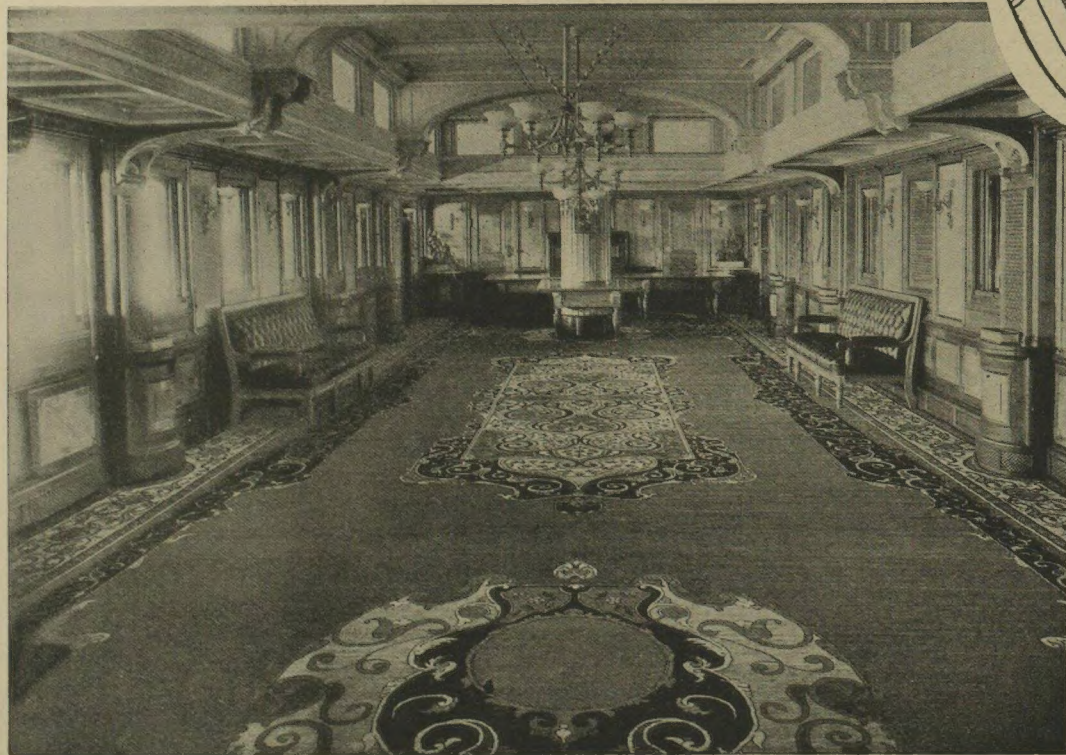
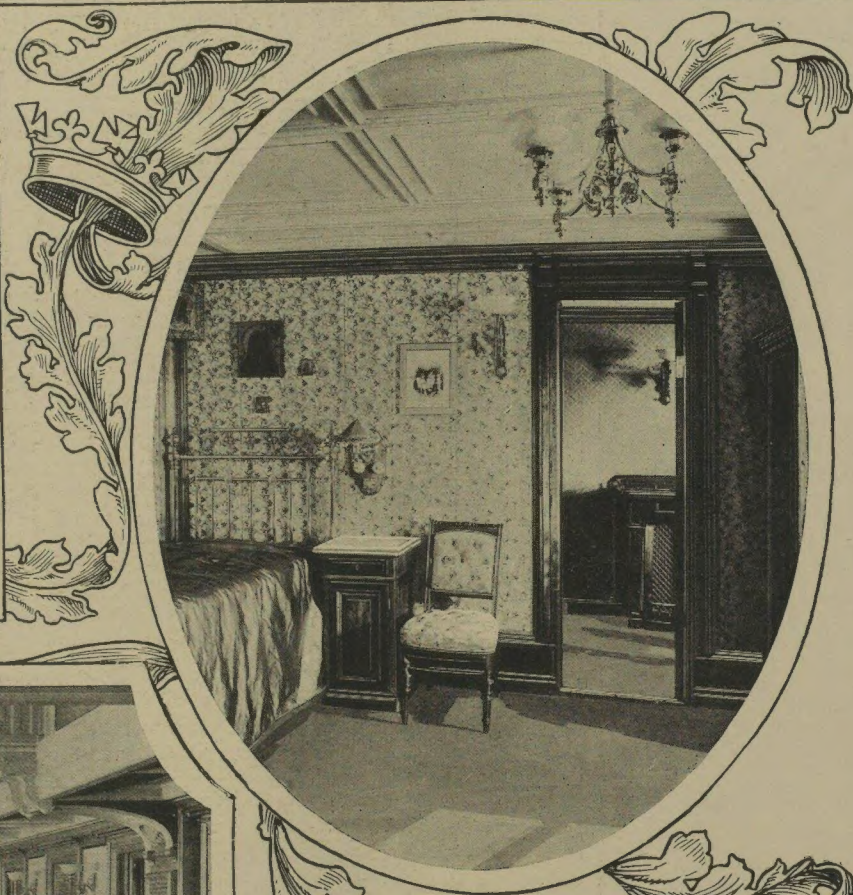
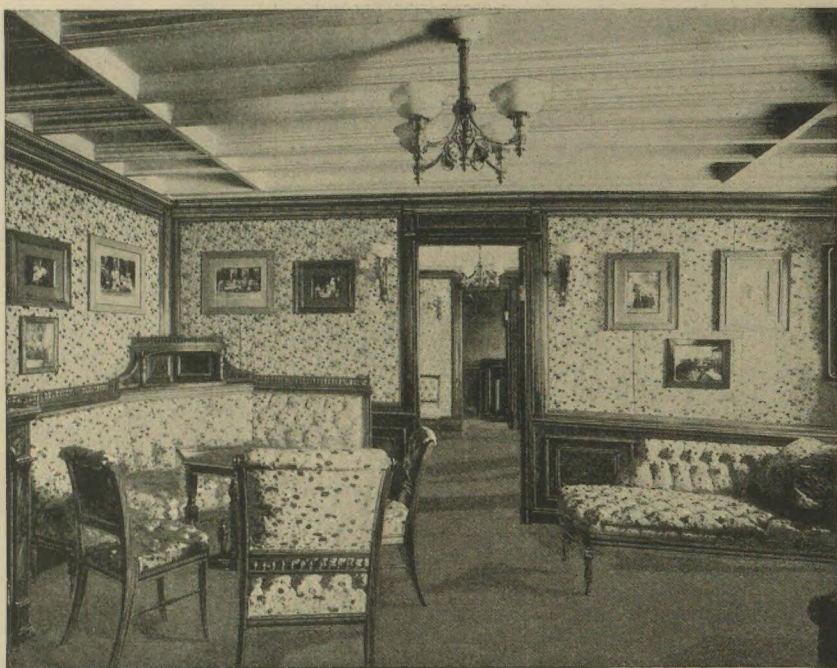
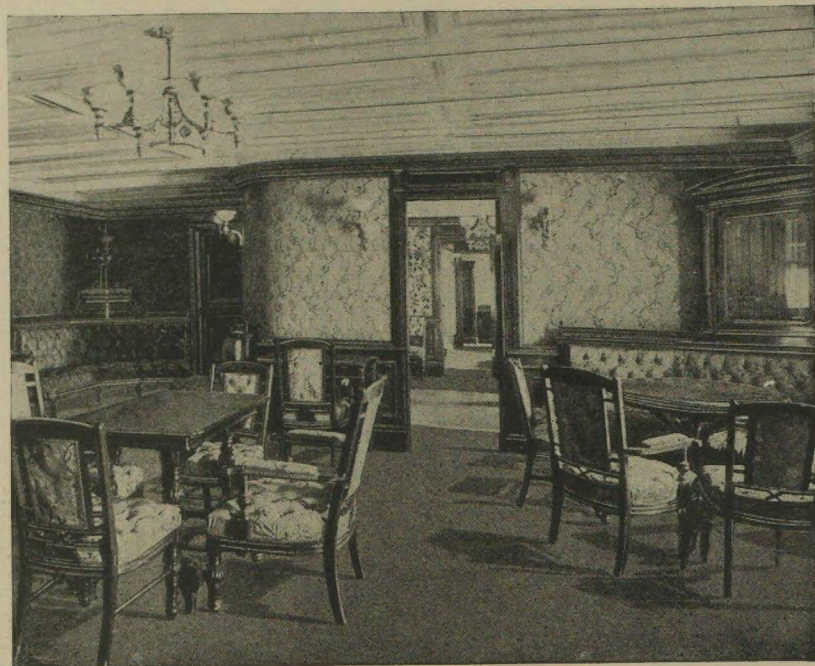
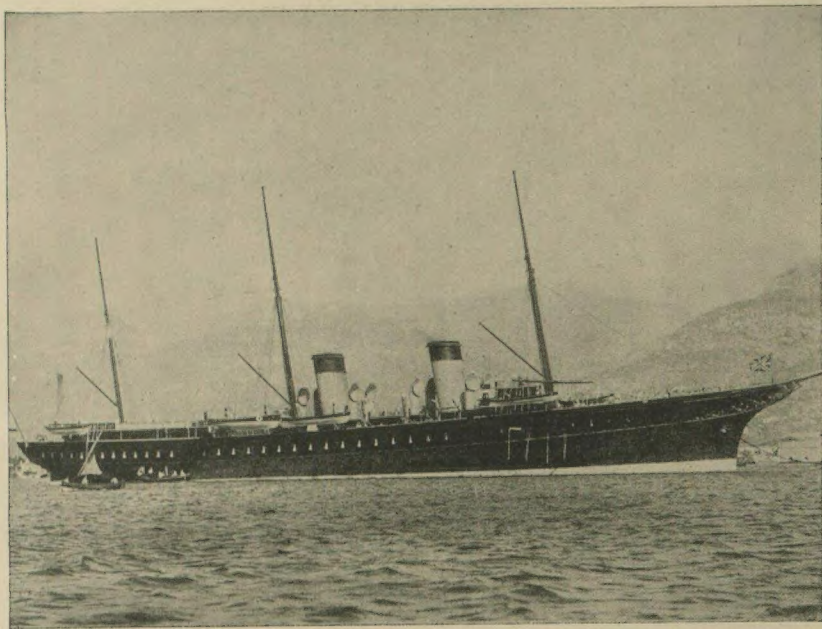
THE BED-ROOM OF NAPOLEON III.  
THE BEAUMONT AVENUE.

THE CZAR AND HIS ESCORT.

THE BED-ROOM OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.  
THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE CHÂTEAU.



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE:  
THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT "STANDART."



THE "STANDART."

THE CZARITSA'S SITTING-ROOM.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM, SHOWING THE CARPET GIVEN BY THE SULTAN.

THE CZAR'S SITTING-ROOM.

THE CZARITSA'S BED-CHAMBER.



# PISTA'S SHIRT-SLEEVES.

By M. E. FRANCIS.



Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

PISTA stood in the midst of his companions outside the church door—a fine specimen of a vigorous Slovak stripling. His round hat was rakishly poised on his crisp, sunny locks; it was a very magnificent hat, adorned not only with the three ostrich feathers, to purchase which a village dandy will often sacrifice a year's wages, but with geraniums purloined from the Schloss garden, with artificial flowers of a kind unknown to horticulturists, and with tinsel ribbons which glittered bravely in the glaring Hungarian sunshine. Very smart altogether did Pista look this Sunday morning, from the tips of the plumes aforesaid to the soles of his high, polished boots; his braided cloth breeches were so much padded that his nether limbs looked like bolsters, his waistcoat was gaily embroidered with scarlet and gold, while the sleeves of the fine linen shirt beneath were so completely covered with fanciful designs that hardly an inch of the original fabric was visible. Pista's bronzed features were finely cut, the racial peculiarities striking the observer: here were the thin nostril, the delicate curved lip, the oval face; his eyes, blue as his own Carpathians seen from this distance, wandered hither and thither contentedly, as he stood interchanging jests with his comrades and negligently puffing at a cigarette.

Through the open doors of the church came the apparently interminable verses of the closing hymn, lustily sung by the more devout portion of the congregation; the younger men had, according to their custom, rushed into the open air as soon as the priest had left the altar, for the service was really at an end, and this final act of piety was a work of supererogation. A work undertaken nevertheless *con amore*, for in the Slav peasant hymn-singing becomes a perfect passion; whether sallying forth at dewy dawn, or returning homewards late at night (alas! too often from the village inn) a hymn heralds his advent.

At last the monotonous and somewhat nasal ditty came to an end, and the congregation poured forth; the elders of the village first, from their benches nearest the door, old men soberly clad, with sleeved coats and hats with down-bent brims sheltering locks cut square just at the nape of the neck; then the married women—more gaily attired these, with a wealth of skirts accumulated during a lifetime, and beautifully embroidered caps and bodices; the maidens next, with

their characteristic headgear of many-folded scarlet ribbons, hiding their painfully screwed-away flaxen locks, with aprons and bodices and closely pleated skirts, bearing testimony alike to their artistic taste and their clever fingers; and finally the children, copies in miniature of the older folk. The scene, so quiet a little while before save for the group of young men, became all at once extraordinarily animated: amid a babel of voices and laughter the groups broke up and melted away, presently vanishing under the painted lintels of the gay little thatched houses. A girl, strutting somewhat pompously down the middle of the road, was all at once accosted by Pista.

"Pochvalen bud Jezus Kristus" (Praise be to Jesus Christ), he said, saluting her after the custom of the place.

"Navechi" (in all eternity), returned she, proceeding to make some remark about the weather.

But Pista's eyes were fixed on her embroidered bodice, the wide cambric sleeves of which were wonderfully wrought in fine blue silk.

"Ah!" he cried enviously, and stretching forth his hand he fingered the pattern diffidently. "Ah! how beautiful! Never have I seen sleeves of such a colour. You bought them in Tyrnau, perhaps?"

"No," returned Anna proudly, "I worked them myself. The holy ladies at the Convent showed me the pattern, and sent for the silk for me all the way from Pozsony."

Another girl who had come up behind them now stepped forward. "I do not like the colour," she said sharply.

She was a tall, handsome creature, as great a contrast to Pista, with his blonde beauty, as to good-natured, ill-favoured Anna, the village heiress, whose figure looked all the clumsier for its wealth of petticoats, and whose florid flat-featured face was supported on a throat already disfigured by an incipient goitre. Marinka had gipsy blood in her veins, as was testified by her brunette colouring and flashing dark eyes. Her status in life was denoted by the absence of the scarlet ribbons, which are the pride of the more well-to-do peasant maiden, her warmly toned face and the rebellious black locks that refused to be coaxed away in orthodox fashion being sheltered by a bright yellow handkerchief, the folds closely pinned beneath her round chin and the fringed ends loosely knotted on her bosom.

"I don't like blue," she repeated, with a tap of her high boot which sent a little cloud of dust flying upwards. Pista turned pettishly from her to Anna, who had remained stolidly smiling.

"They are beautiful sleeves," he repeated; "I would give all I possess in the world to have such a pair."

"Why," said Anna politely, "they are not more beautiful than your own, Pista. Marinka is a better needlewoman than I."

Nevertheless, turning about her stout arm, she surveyed her own handiwork with complacency.

"Marinka's work is also beautiful, but it is not blue," said Pista mournfully. "I wish it had been blue."

Marinka's eyes filled with angry tears; how proud she had been when her lover had brought her that piece of fine linen to embroider for



The Lady of the Schloss and her friends were sipping their coffee under the plane-trees.



him! The crimson and yellow thread she had used was of her own spinning and dyeing; the pattern of her own design; she had worked late and early, robbing herself of her hardly won rest to complete a task in which she had nevertheless taken delight, and now Pista was already discontented with her labour. She stamped her foot again and turned away.

When the Lady of the Schloss and her friends were sipping their coffee under the plane-trees that afternoon, a dazzling figure suddenly appeared on the sunny path a few paces away from them.

"This is some messenger," said the Lady. "No, I believe it is one of my ox-drivers—it is Pista, is it not?"

The youth stepped forward, and stooping with the gesture of a prince, raised his mistress's hand to his lips.

"Why, what is wrong, Pista?" said she kindly. Then with gathering alarm, "There is nothing the matter with Czigány, I hope?" (Czigány was the gentle creature which nightly ate bread from her hand.)

"Nay, Gracious Lady," returned Pista, standing before her very upright, with his beflowered hat in his hands. "Nay—it is only that I came to ask a favour—I came to beg the Gracious Lady—"

"Again!" cried she, uplifting a warning finger. "Did I not tell you last time, Pista, that you must give up begging?"

Pista drew himself up with, if possible, additional dignity. "I am but asking, Gracious Lady—not begging."

Her eyes rested for a moment on the two beautiful double geraniums in his hat—doubtless they had been rifled from beneath her very windows—but she sighed resignedly. "Well?" said she.

"If the High Mighty Lady could spare me some blue silk," pleaded Pista, fixing upon her his imploring eyes, "blue silk to work with, the Noble Lady understands. She can see for herself how common is the embroidery on my sleeves—only rough linen thread spun from our own flax and dyed with our own herbs—not fit to wear on Sunday, much less on a feast-day; and the high, well-born Lady knows that the great feast will soon be here, when everyone in the whole country will be going in procession to Szanta Marinka Kosztol, the blessed chapel in the hills. Everyone will have their finest clothes—one sees sleeves there, Noble Mistress, that are all gold embroidery from shoulder to wrist! Yes, indeed, and worn by less worthy fellows than I."

"But those are beautiful sleeves, Pista, that you are wearing there; and a little bird told me they were worked for you by a pretty maiden."

"Ah, yes," he returned indifferently, "but they are red, the Gracious Lady sees, and the Holy Mother's colour is blue, as everyone knows; and then they are worked in common thread."

"And do you think, Pista, that the Blessed Virgin has a preference for silk? No, no; you are a very vain young man, and even if I had blue silk in my possession at this moment I should not give it to you. Go away, and try to think a little less of your appearance."

Pista stooped and kissed her hand again with the same swift grace as before, but with a lowering brow; replaced his hat at the usual artistic angle, and walked away with the lightness and perfect balance only to be attained by those who habitually go barefoot.

Hostess and guests looked after him admiringly.

"He is certainly a handsome fellow," said one; adding weakly, "Could not somebody have discovered some blue silk?"

"He is, as you say, handsome," said the Châtelaine severely, "the prettiest boy on the estate; but he is really too vain—and he should not steal my flowers."

The little village lay simmering in the noonday heat next day, when old Widow Martha made her way through the dust and glare to the Convent door. It was wide open, according to custom, during school-hours, and Martha walked straight in, not only along the passage, but into the little kitchen beyond.

Sister Monica, who was peeling potatoes at the deal table, looked up in mild surprise and uttered the usual greeting.

"Navechi, Amen," answered Martha, and lifting up the corner of her apron, she incontinently began to cry.

Sister Monica was less disturbed than might have been expected, for among the good Slavonian folk, as elsewhere, tears not infrequently herald a petition; she observed, moreover, that under one arm Martha carried a large and apparently very fat goose. Now this goose was celebrated in the whole neighbourhood. It was called Ludovica, after the Lady of the Schloss—a somewhat doubtful compliment, as some people might fancy; but such little attentions were usual in that part of the world, and the Châtelaine accepted them for what they were worth. A bushel of beans in the present instance was deemed a suitable acknowledgment of the tribute. Ludovica had proved valuable to her owner in more ways than one; for not only did she lay eggs of abnormal size and quality, and submit protestingly to be deprived at certain seasons of a quantity of down hitherto undreamt of in Petheöfalva, but being well known to be Martha's only available asset, she was made, as it were, a party to all her particularly successful bargains. Whenever, for instance, the widow wished to obtain a supply of early potatoes from the Lady of the Schloss, she invariably

offered Ludovica in exchange: the Judge had parted recently with several bundles of hemp on the understanding that he was to be repaid next year, and Ludovica went security. But it was noticeable that Martha had never imported the name of that distinguished fowl into any contracts that were likely to be rigidly adhered to, and that the village Jew in particular had no rights over so much as a feather of her.

After glancing at the goose, therefore, Sister Monica at once understood the position of affairs, and offered, somewhat unwillingly, to summon Reverend Mother, who, on arriving, was greeted by the petitioner with a fresh burst of tears and imploring kisses of the hand.

"Well, well," said Reverend Mother, "what is it, Martha? Potatoes? We have not too many for ourselves."

"No, good Mother. Great Heavens—no, not potatoes! It is my boy, Pista—the best son, dear Mother, that ever a woman had. Such a good boy, and so pious! Ah, but that is it! He is doubtless too good for this world, and the Lord is about to take him away from his widowed mother."

"No; but is he truly so ill?" cried Reverend Mother with real concern, while Sister Monica dropped her knife with an exclamation of sympathy. Even the goose, extending its long neck, uttered a loud and apparently dolorous cackle.

"He neither eats nor sleeps," wailed Martha inarticulately. "He is breaking his heart—ah, yes, a mother's eyes can see it—and it all because of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin." She paused to sob afresh.

The little nuns looked at each other in astonishment.

"Ach, but it is true!" continued Martha, hitching up the goose a little higher under one arm and peering cunningly at her listeners from beneath the folds of her apron. "You understand, my Sisters, it is thus: the 8th of September is a great feast, is it not? There is to be a procession in honour of the Holy Virgin, and Pista will carry the cross, and he is breaking his heart because he cannot wear her colour. The Blessed Virgin's colour, as the good Sisters know, is blue, and Pista's sleeves, Reverend Mother and dear Sister, are embroidered with red."

"But that matters nothing," cried the guileless nuns both together, much touched and interested. "The Good God sees the heart, Martha, and does not concern Himself about the raiment. The Blessed Mother is no doubt pleased when our young girls endeavour to do her honour by wearing white veils on her feast-days, because, do you see, Martha, it makes them think of her and remember that they must do nothing to disgrace her livery. But when they cannot afford to buy white veils—why, then she accepts the intention. You must tell Pista that it is—"

"But," interrupted Martha, "my Pista has heard that the dear Sisters have blue embroidery silk here in the Convent, and he has sent me to ask for some, that when the Feast-day comes, he may have a pair of blue-flowered sleeves like Anna, the Judge's daughter."

"Pista is mistaken," said the Reverend Mother a little coldly; "we have no silks here in the Convent except those which are supplied to us for Church work. We cannot give them away. Anna, the Judge's daughter, ordered some through us and paid for it."

Martha threw up her eyes. Heaven was her witness that she also would pay for it—had she not brought Ludovica?

But Reverend Mother was obdurate—she knew Ludovica.

Thereupon ensued such lamentations as had never before been heard within those quiet walls. Sister Agnes came hastening in from the garden with her arms full of newly cut cabbages. Sister Magdalen, the delicate nun who had been sent all the way from Budapest, to pick up a little strength in the sweet country air, crept painfully in from the community-room. Sister Agatha, deeming that the house must be on fire at least, left even her Kindergarten to inquire into the cause of the outcry. And meanwhile it would be difficult to say which shrieked the louder, Martha or her goose.

At last, suddenly regaining composure, the old woman pointed tragically to the coloured walls.

"Look around you, good Sisters; are not your walls blue? See the tiles—blue and white! Your china, blue! Your very pots and pans, blue enamel! And why—is it not in honour of the Blessed Virgin?"

The Reverend Mother smiled. "It was indeed the pretty and pious fancy of the good Mistress of Petheöfalva to arrange it so," she said. "It was her wish that everything which she appointed for our use should be blue—the Blessed Virgin's colour—"

"And you would deny my Pista a little bit of blue silk for a pair of sleeves," cried Martha indignantly.

The gentle little nuns looked at each other doubtfully. Even long residence amongst a Slav population had not taught them its subtleties, its extraordinary combination of genuine piety, artless vanity, simplicity, and guile. This question of Pista's aspirations nonplussed them for the moment. Sister Magdalen began to talk hurriedly to her Superior in German, a language not understood by Martha. There was some blue silk which a friend had given Sister Magdalen, and with which she had meant to embroider an altarcloth, but the Herr Pfarrer, as the Mother would doubtless remember, had expressed a preference for red as being more of a Church colour. The silk was lying by upstairs, and if the Mother would give permission, it seemed a pity that the poor young man should not be able to gratify so praiseworthy a wish.

And so, after all, old Martha carried the day, and, after many transparently disingenuous offerings of Ludovica, went away happy; blessings on her lips, the treasured little packet in her bosom.

Sunset on the wide plain; exquisite tints of rose and amber over the vast expanse that stretched away to meet the marvellous mountains—mountains which at this hour seemed to be carved out of some gigantic precious stone; an ethereal radiance, nevertheless, in jagged peak and precipitous side forbidding the comparison with anything so tangible.

How is it possible to describe the charm of these great plains at this mystic hour! White-clad figures were dotted about amid the russet and emerald and gold of fallow and mead and stubble; a long line of ploughs moved slowly in solemn procession against the horizon, each drawn by a team of oxen, snowy or tawny; wagons were crossing the rustic bridges, little bands of harvesters wending their way homewards, scythe on shoulder; and the whole scene breathed of unspeakable loneliness.

Nowhere, perhaps, are so many contradictions and apparent incongruities to be found as here, in this valley of the Waag. The very spirit of primeval nature broods over this vast tract, jealous, untamable, even as the people who inhabit it—a people naturally artistic and responsive, apparently, to the march of civilisation, to the ennobling and softening influence of religion, yet ever retaining certain instincts of elemental savagery.

There was a good deal of the young savage latent in Pista Knotek as he swung along in the wake of his oxen, which he had recently unyoked, and which he was now driving homewards—Czigány, the handsomest beast in the Gracious Lady's stalls, and Gunár, his companion. The great, mild creatures moved heavily, keeping exact step, their milk-white flanks flaming in the sunset, their heads surmounted by horns which measured six feet from tip to tip, swaying slowly from side to side. Pista, walking leisurely behind, and looking very cool and fresh as his loose canvas working-clothes flapped in the breeze, carolled aloud for pure blitheness, and thought of the blue sleeves which he was so soon to possess.

I have likened him to a young savage, for of a truth this delight in bright colours, in unusual finery, is typical of the wild man. Indeed, as Pista fondly dreamt of his future glories, of the jealousy of his fellows and the admiration of the village maidens, the vanity which swelled his heart was such as is common enough even in a lower order of creation. Have we not all seen the male bird pranking it among its kind, innocently proud of its enamelled plumage? Is there no coquetry in the stately poise of the stag's antlered head, no triumphant consciousness of beauty as well as of vigour in the carriage of the young steer as he paces round the pasture of which he is monarch? To Pista it seemed that everything about him was in accordance with his mood; everything reminded him of his blue sleeves. The lambent sky, the equally luminous hills, the drifts of fragile flowers crushed beneath his active feet, the flocks of tiny moths which fluttered at every step out of the wayside grasses—all were blue, blue as those wondrous flowers and ornaments which were so soon to grow on the fair linen beneath Marinka's clever fingers.

He knew where to find Marinka; only that morning he had passed her in her father's barn, where a heavy task awaited her—no less a one than that of threshing the piled-up store of barley which it contained. There would be no one to help her but her little brother Marzi and her old grandmother Zouzksa, and her labour must of necessity endure from dawn to dusk. She would certainly be working still. Yes, as he drew near the village he could even distinguish the *thud, thud, thud* of the three flails as they fell in rhythmical succession.

By-and-by he came in sight of the small thatched shed where she was at work and could identify the figures within: old Zouzksa, recognisable chiefly by her long and skinny arms, which the loose sleeves cruelly revealed with each uplifting of the flail; had it not been for this, indeed, her figure, seen from the rear, could scarcely have been distinguished from that of her granddaughter, for it was slender and graceful still and upright as a dart, in spite of its seventy years. Marzi, with his bare feet planted wide apart and his curly locks on end, wielded his flail with right goodwill; but Marinka worked more languidly, turning every now and then towards the open doorway, and gazing out across the plain during the necessary pause entailed by the turning over of the half-beaten straw upon the threshing-floor.

During one of these pauses she caught sight of Pista, who signalled to her as soon as he saw that she was aware of his approach.

Immediately she stepped out from the shadow of the barn and walked to meet him, the silhouette of her form in its homespun garb catching the ruddy glow, so that it seemed to be outlined in fire; as she moved, the dust of the corn with which she was powdered flew off from her garments—a multitude of glittering motes. There was a glitter in her eyes, too, which was perhaps not so pleasant to see.

"What do you want with me?" she inquired sullenly, pausing a few paces away from him.

Pista was standing by his beasts, one arm flung negligently across Czigány's massive neck, his figure



turned a little away from the girl. As she spoke he glanced round at her over his shoulder, but without otherwise moving; his face was irradiated by a pleasant smile.

"I have got the blue silk, Marinka," he said.

"Ah!" returned Marinka. Her eyes seemed to blaze beneath her yellow kerchief, and she swung her flail backwards and forwards with fierce impetuous movements.

"Ana" (yes), returned he negligently, "I have got it, and my mother has still kept a piece of that linen—you remember, the linen out of which you made those other sleeves?—she has got a fine piece left. I should like the same pattern as before, but the stitches might be finer. You must use a smaller needle."

"I!" exclaimed Marinka, flinging her flail upon the ground. "Do you think that I am going to work any more for you, Pista Knotek? No, never another stitch! Never, never again will I take needle in hand for you, Pista Knotek; do you hear? You ungrateful, hard-hearted villain! You think that I am your slave, do you? You think that I shall be contented all my life to toil for you without a word of thanks. You think I will submit to be mocked at and scorned, my best work despised; and then, because you hold up your finger——"

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The nomination of Dr. Moule to the Bishopric of Durham has been received with general satisfaction by the Church papers. The *Record* and the *Church Times* alike describe the new Bishop as a man of intense spirituality, and the general agreement is that his appointment will be rich in usefulness to the whole Church, and more particularly to the great Northern diocese in which he succeeds the illustrious Lightfoot and Westcott.

Dr. Moule has been spending a few weeks in Switzerland, and since his appointment, has been overwhelmed with letters of business and congratulation. He will probably go into residence at Auckland Castle in October. In the Press notices the new Bishop was erroneously described as one of the Honorary Chaplains to the King. He was Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria, but the King made him, in July, one of his Chaplains-in-Ordinary, a higher position. Only twelve were appointed in all.

In some quarters a doubt has been expressed as to whether Bishop Westcott's remarkable authority with the miners and working-men of the great industries belonging

the attempt to exclude Christianity from the Soudan, and regrets especially that the Khartoum College should, in these circumstances, have been dedicated to the memory of so peculiarly Christian a man as Gordon. "There is an evil temper abroad, which aims at supporting the Imperial rule of England by a deliberate belittling of the Christianity of our nation."

A beautiful memorial to the late Bishop Cramer Roberts will be erected by the clergy of the diocese of Manchester. The monument, which will be placed upon the Bishop's grave, is to consist of a recumbent cross in polished red granite, upon a second slab of the same material. At the head will be a Bishop's mitre, and at the foot a chalice carved in relief.

"Peter Lombard" has been visiting Berne Cathedral, and noticed that the hour-glass in the pulpit is timed for forty-five minutes. He professes himself an admirer of short sermons, and remembers listening in the course of his life to only three of an hour each. One of these was by Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the recollection calls up a practical joke played by the great Baptist preacher as a boy. "Rowland Hill was to hold forth at Plymouth, and he used always to



"What do you want with me?" she inquired sullenly.

She broke off, choking. Pista took his arm from Czigány's neck and turned quite round; he was very much scandalised. Never in the annals of Petheöfalva had a woman been known to adopt such a tone to a man, particularly when that man was her acknowledged sweetheart, and intended in course of time to become her husband. He eyed the recreant damsel severely; nevertheless his tone, when he spoke, had in it as much wounded feeling as anger.

"I do not understand you, Marinka. Of course, I expect you to embroider my sleeves for me. Who else should do it, pray?"

"You had better ask Anna, the Judge's daughter," retorted Marinka, with a sneer. "My work is not good enough for you."

"You cannot be in earnest, my pretty one," said Pista. His blue eyes were full of trouble and his voice positively shook. "You know very well that I would not ask Anna. I swear before Heaven I will ask no other maiden to serve me but you."

Marinka picked up her flail and laughed.

"A wise vow, Pista," quoth she. "I hope you will keep to it."

Her little brother, who had run after her, now pulled at her skirt.

"Grandmother says you must come back, Marinka; there are still five sheaves left."

(To be concluded next week.)

to the diocese will devolve upon his successor. In this connection the *Record* reminds us that "years ago men were asking what prospect there was of a scholarly recluse, such as they supposed Westcott to be, gaining influence over such a population as that of the county of Durham; and we all know what the issue was."

The new Vicar of Islington will bring to his post the experience he gained as Vicar of St. Peter's, in the same district. There he showed himself an ideal working-man's preacher. It is now seven and a half years since he accepted the living of Holy Trinity, Cambridge; but, although reputations are quickly forgotten in London, there are many in his old parish who still remember him with affection, and who are prepared to welcome him to his larger sphere. An important feature of his work at Cambridge was the monthly service for men, at which he was accustomed to address a congregation of over a thousand.

The Bishop of Hereford has been spending the early weeks of his holiday in Shropshire, and will proceed to Scotland in September. The Bishop of Lincoln has been staying at the Lizard; and the Bishop of Peterborough is visiting the West of Scotland.

The *Church Times* strongly approves of the recent protest made by the Church Missionary Society against

regulate himself to an hour each sermon. On this occasion the clock was right before him on the front of the gallery, and young Spurgeon had placed himself behind, where he had control of the machinery. So the preacher began, and Master Spurgeon after a little while stopped the clock for a while, then set it on again. This manoeuvre he kept on repeating all through the sermon, and led the unfortunate orator to go on for two hours and a half."

Old pupils of Canon Cruttwell, who was lately appointed to the Rectory of Gwelme, in Oxfordshire, speak of his great success as a Merton tutor. He was an intimate friend of Bishop Creighton, and has himself written at least one excellent book, his "History of Latin Literature." Canon Cruttwell married a daughter of the late Sir John Mowbray, who was for some years Father of the House of Commons.

The Bishop of Worcester's health has improved greatly during his long stay in Norway, and it is probable that his resignation will be deferred until next summer, after the Coronation.

Canon Quirk, the new Bishop-Suffragan of Sheffield, was trained for holy orders by Dean Vaughan, who was one of his predecessors as Vicar of Doncaster. The new Bishop is spending some weeks in the Lake Country, and will settle at Doncaster about the middle of October.—V.

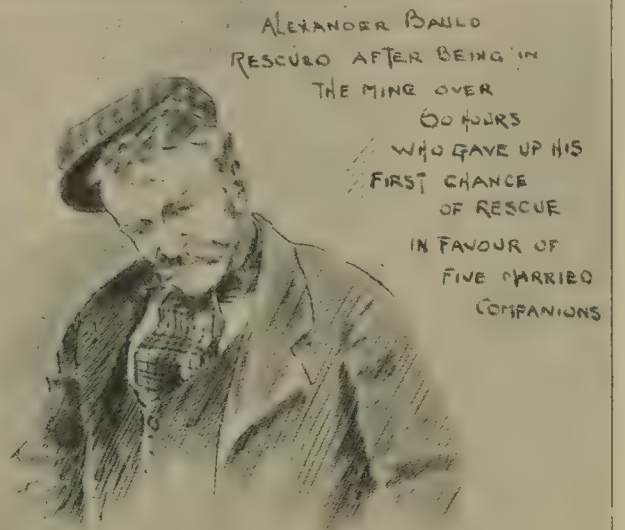


# THE COLLIERY DISASTER AT DONIBRISTLE, FIFESHIRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DONIBRISTLE.



AIR COURSE THROUGH WHICH AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO REACH THE MINERS.



ALEXANDER BALLO  
RESCUED AFTER BEING IN  
THE MINE OVER  
60 HOURS  
WHO GAVE UP HIS  
FIRST CHANCE  
OF RESCUE  
IN FAVOUR OF  
FIVE HARRIED  
COMPANIONS



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.

RALPH CLEAVER DONIBRISTLE



JOHN JONES  
ENTOMBED  
32 HOURS



JOHN SHEDDON  
ONE OF THE RESCUERS  
WHO WAS SHUT IN.



ROBERT  
LAW

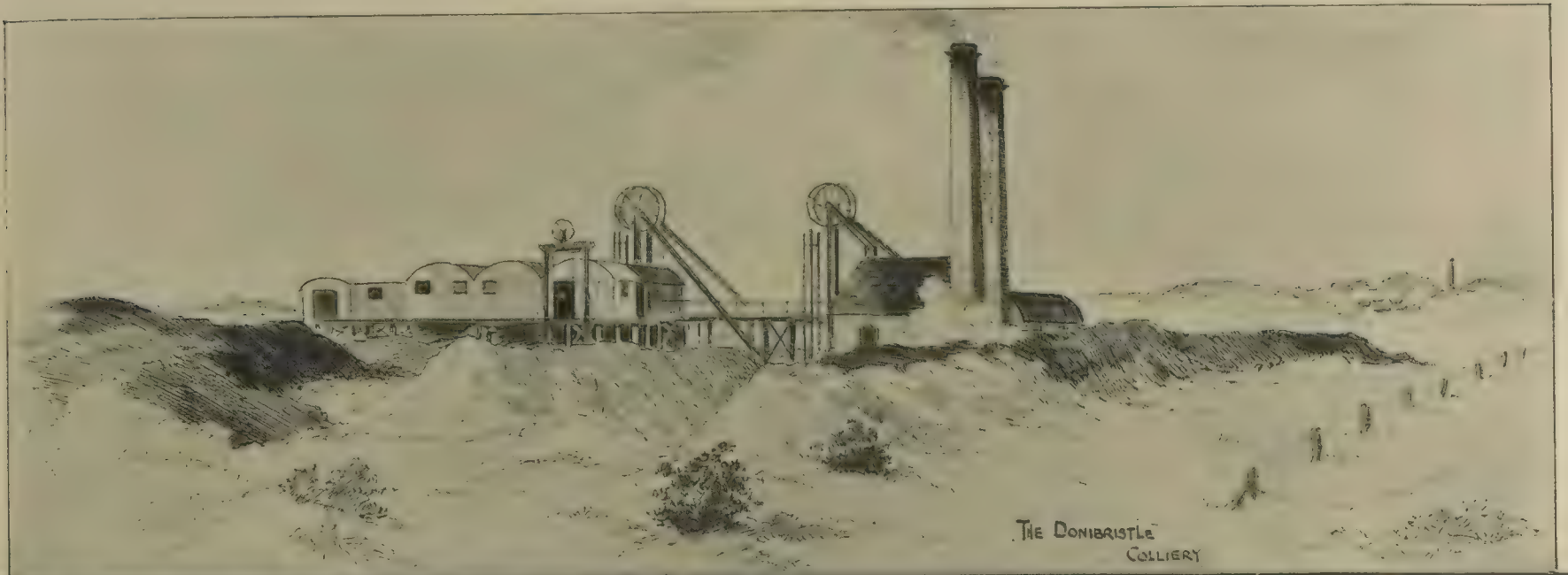


JAMES  
DICK



# THE COLLIERY DISASTER AT DONIBRISTLE, FIFESHIRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DONIBRISTLE.





# THE RESTORED ROMAN CAMP AT SAALBURG, VISITED BY KING EDWARD VII.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GERMANY.



A HYPOCAUSTUM (BATH-FURNACE).

INSIDE THE PORTA DECUMANA.

ON THE RAMPARTS.

VIEW WITHIN THE PRECINCTS, SHOWING REMAINS OF THE HORREUM, OR GRANARY.

THE PRETORIAN GATE, SHOWING THE SACELLUM, OR SMALL TEMPLE, AND THE PERISTYLE.



# NAVAL AND YACHTING EVENTS: BRITISH AND FOREIGN.



THE ANGLO-FRENCH YACHT-RACE:  
"MAGDALEN" WINNING.



THE ANGLO-FRENCH YACHT-RACE:  
"QUAND MÊME" LOSING.



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "ESSEX" AT PEMBROKE  
ON AUGUST 29.

*Photo, S. F. Allen.*



THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES: SAILORS BRINGING GUNS ASHORE.



THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES: LANDING OF BOATS CONVEYING INFANTRY  
OF THE LINE.



*Photo, Hedley, New York.*

THE AMERICA CUP CHALLENGER: "SHAMROCK II."  
AT ERIE BASIN



*Photo, Hedley, New York.*

THE AMERICA CUP CHALLENGER: "SHAMROCK II." IN DRY DOCK.



K I N G   E D W A R D   V I I   I N   G E R M A N Y .



HIS MAJESTY AT THE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT HOMBURG.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HOMBURG.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Eternal City.* By Hall Caine. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*The Striking Hours.* By Eden Phillpotts. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*Alice of Old Vincennes.* By Maurice Thompson. (London: Cassell. 6s.)  
*The Skirts of Happy Chance.* By H. B. Marriott-Watson. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*Severance.* By Thomas Cobb. (London: John Lane. 6s.)  
*Women Must Weep.* By Sarah Tytler. (London: Long. 6s.)  
*Educational Foundations of Trade and Industry.* By Fabian Ware. (London and New York: Harper. 3s. 6d.)  
*The Evolution of Modern Money.* By William Warrand Carlile. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)  
*Dialogues on the Supersensual Life.* By Jacob Behmen. (London: Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

If Mr. Hall Caine's talent were equal to his ambition, he would be a Napoleon of literature, who could unmake monarchies, and put hierarchies in their proper places. Nothing less is the purpose of "The Eternal City." It was not enough for Mr. Hall Caine to write a romance with Rome as its background. He must settle the Papal question once for all, induce the Pope to renounce the temporal power, and the monarchy to efface itself in order that the hero of Mr. Hall Caine's story may become the creative genius of the united Republic of Italy. Before David Leone entered the priesthood, the first step of a career that culminated in the Pontificate, he had a son, who, after various adventures, became famous in Italian politics as David Rossi, the Socialist. That the father should be Pope, and that the son should found the Republic, and that their intimate personal relation should remain long unknown to either, and that between them they should redeem Italy, is a scheme that might have visited the brain of Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo would have made it magnificent melodrama, with flashes of poetry and touches of sublimity. Mr. Hall Caine is incapable of poetry and sublimity. His melodrama is a feverish rush of incidents which seem to be designed for theatrical posters. There is the little Italian boy sleeping in the snow, and discovered just in time by his early benefactor. There is the queenly Donna Roma, who has modelled the busts of David Rossi and the wicked Italian Prime Minister, and unveils them in her studio, showing the astonished visitors that the one looks like Christ and the other like Judas. There is the scene between the Pope and the Socialist, father and son. There is the scene in the Italian Chamber, where one of Rossi's enemies proclaims him the noblest Roman of them all. We perceive these things in the limelight, and on the London boardings. But they do not belong to literature, they have no beauty that clings to the heart, and no subtlety that lingers in the brain.

"The Striking Hours" is the title given by Mr. Eden Phillpotts to a collection of fourteen short stories, all of them written to illustrate the rustic characters of Devon. On his title-page Mr. Phillpotts quotes the saying of Dr. Martineau that "God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours." Mr. Phillpotts would have us to believe that the incidents he relates were the striking hours in the lives of his rustic characters. There is considerable hardihood in the assumption. For it presupposes a something dramatic and vivid in each simple tale, and a novelist were well advised to leave to others the presuppositions of his worth. Not that this is a bad collection of short stories. It is a faggot from the workshop of an able carpenter. But it is by no means a great contribution to literature. For one thing, Mr. Phillpotts errs greatly, we think, in his excessive use of dialect; and that not merely in the dialogue, but in the direct narration of his stories, where his own clear and harmonious English might otherwise have shown itself to great advantage. All the stories but one are given in broad Devon, as if they had been taken down verbatim from the lips of the peasantry. Now, an excessive use of unfamiliar words, ungrammatical forms, elided vowels, and clipped consonants, offends both the eye and the ear. It makes a page ugly to look at, and it trips up the unfamiliar reader. It is the blunder into which every Scotch novelist but Scott himself has fallen, not even Stevenson escaping. Sir Walter, with his finer instinct, never gives a vulgar transcript of the actual speech of the Scotch peasantry, but gets a racy Scots flavour in his sentence by the use of an occasional valuable word, depending on tone, manner, and turn of phrase, rather than on the use of English misprinted and mispronounced. Hence his Scots is no mere patois, ugly to the eye and ear, but a classic speech: it has dignity, distinction. Mr. Phillpotts' Devonian has neither; and that just because there is too much of it. On the whole, however, his stories are rather better than the average.

Publishers who introduce to us novels from America would conciliate us if they arranged with the printer to avoid unsightly readings such as "granite boulders." American authors, too—though here, perhaps, our demand is not so legitimate—would win our appreciation more if they spared us such an outburst as this: "Let the Old World boast its crowned kings, its mailed knights, its ladies of the court and castle; but we of the New World, we of the powerful West, let us brim our cups with the wine of undying devotion, and drink to the memory of the Women of the Revolution," etc. This fervid passage, like the "boulders," is culled from Mr. Maurice Thompson's

romance of the Wabash, "Alice of Old Vincennes." The reader will gather that the Bird o' Freedom flaps its wings triumphantly, not to say truculently, over its pages; but its amusing antics need not disturb our enjoyment in a story of considerable interest. Mr. Thompson has already written "The Story of Louisiana"; now he essays a historical romance of old Vincennes, and he reaches a fair measure of success in his blend of "idle romance" and "musty history." Anything like the finer shades of character-drawing he does not attempt. Historical personages, like Hamilton and Helm, the English and American commanders, and Colonel Clark, are depicted with broad lines and lurid colours. So with Gaspard Roussillon, the Mayor of Vincennes, Father Beret, Beverley, and the rest—they appropriately fill their places in a picture of broad and stirring adventure; while Alice is such a heroine as we have been accustomed to look for in a story of Indian warfare. "Alice of Old Vincennes" is well though not very expertly written. It is illustrated by Mr. F. C. Yohn.

Lord Francis Charmian, known in Society as "mad Charmian," carries into fiction that whimsical recklessness of practical joking which we are all too staid nowadays to hazard in actual life. Edward Sothorn used to play tricks on respectable citizens, and escape penalties by sheer assurance. This was the theme of the old farces in which Charles Mathews was at his best. Charmian improves on both examples by greater daring and resource, together with a sensibility and refinement that save his practical jokes from the brutality of that kind of mischief. His adventures in "The Skirts of Happy Chance" are contrived with a skill that keeps the most absurd situations just on the brink of a realism which would be intolerable. There are moments when this wild nobleman seems to be within an ace of deserving to be horsewhipped. In one instance he narrowly escapes a thrashing, of which he would have been the last to dispute the justice;



"I PROMISED YOU SHOULD HAVE THE VILLAIN: HERE HE IS."

Reproduced from "The Skirts of Happy Chance," by permission of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

and it is precisely that penitential consciousness that ensures the forgiveness of the reader. As a rule, his escapades are irresistibly funny. In the story of "The Turquoise Necklace" he pretends to be a private detective, accuses the most unlikely people of theft, lights upon the real thief by a happy chance, illustrated in the picture we reproduce, and retires in a blaze of glory. On other occasions he is not so fortunate; but even in ignominious failure he never loses his fantastic charm. His worst offences are condoned by outraged privacy and cheated affections, and he shows himself capable at last of real chivalry.

Mr. Cobb's stories have a faithful likeness to the commonplaces of life. This is no demerit, for the author's object is to present ordinary people as we know them to be, and he does this without the slightest regard for the convention which assumes that the reader can take no interest in characters that are not idealised. In "Severance" a husband is estranged from his wife for a time by pique. The story is mainly concerned with the well-meant efforts of friends to bring about a reconciliation. One gentleman, who pursues this worthy object with great zeal, manages to offend everybody. A lady who is equally disinterested is painfully misunderstood. The estranged husband is a blundering prig, and the wife has a gift of unseasonable mockery. Such materials do not seem very promising, and yet Mr. Cobb has written a readable novel, in which everything that happens is precisely what would have happened. That in itself is sufficiently remarkable to arrest the attention of a public, jaded, it may be, by what could not happen in any case.

Miss Tytler has hit upon a dreary title for her new story, "Women Must Weep," and the reader is led, unwarrantably, to look for a very cataract of tears. Cause for weeping, Miss Tytler's heroine—or, rather, heroines, for there are two—most undoubtedly had, but instead they manifested a noble spirit of self-control, and bore themselves worthily to the end of the chapter. Of the two women around whom this story centres we prefer Mrs. Hepburn, the elder woman. Miss Tytler has been

singularly happy in the delineation of her character. Scotch, and brought up in the rigour of Calvinism, she was early taken from her simple life to a hill-station in India; too soon she had to acknowledge to herself that the husband whom she had placed upon a pedestal was morally less than her equal; but then, as later, when the child of a previous illicit attachment is forced upon her by the mother, her love does not waver. Instead of heaping reproaches on her husband's head, the one claim that she makes is that right shall, as far as in them lies, be done to the hapless child. Sincerely loving her husband, she neither recriminates nor condones, but persists, despite his opposition and anger, in the high course of conduct which she had adopted at the outset. There you have the situation in which all subsequent developments of the story have their spring. There is, of course, a certain amount of conventional padding, and more than one minor issue, but, in spite of this substratum of the commonplace, there is no doubt that Miss Tytler has written a really fine story, and that she has handled a difficult subject with rare delicacy and skill.

In "Educational Foundations of Trade and Industry," Mr. Fabian Ware has rendered a distinct service to the nation. It is a small book, but a weighty, and is happy in the moment of its birth. Leading politicians of all kinds recognise that trade and industry are founded upon education, and have warned us repeatedly of late that this country, if it is to compete with foreigners, must reorganise its whole system of instruction, general and commercial. With admirable calmness and sobriety of statement, Mr. Fabian Ware preaches us the same lesson. He shows that we are a hundred years behind Germany in some respects; and, more than that, shows why we are so. The chaotic system of English education at the present time has each of its defects exposed. Education is not organic, as it is in Germany, with a gradual and resistless progression from the lowest schools to the highest colleges; the various stages, however admirable in themselves, are not properly linked together, so that, on the whole, we have no unified system inevitably tending forward to a great national and intellectual end. Lessons for England are drawn by Mr. Ware from the experience of America, Germany, and France, and his advice is that we should organise all the parts of our education in relation to each other.

This is hardly the place to enter into a detailed examination of the intricacies of currency questions, but it is of interest to everyone to know where to find a history of money written in clear language, and Mr. Carlile's book should be widely read. With the romance of numismatics he is not concerned; he will tell you how and why little pieces of gold which people could put in their belts took the place of oxen (which they could not), but he does not trace the substitution on coins of allegorical figures or portraits for the presentment of the said ox. On the connection between the uses of the precious metals for ornament and as money, the book, which here does not refuse a slight excursion into psychology, is suggestive. Mr. Carlile has evidently read widely and thoroughly, and he is not afraid to criticise Mill and others with freedom. On the other hand, the argument

is closely knit, and there is no hunting after paradox for the sake of upsetting conventional theories. Perhaps the most novel part of the treatise is the examination of monetary standards in the Middle Ages. The "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" spoke prose all his life without knowing it; mediæval Europe, Mr. Carlile thinks, unconsciously observed gold as the standard of currency. This theory of the "latent standard" seems to be supported by solid historical evidence, but one of the charms of political economy is that the facts are generally there without possibility of dispute, whereas on the question of their interpretation economists will fight to the death. If we have to pay a shilling in Bond Street for a penny whistle, the shopkeeper tells us that the high rent of his shop is the cause. The economist furiously objects that the high rent is the effect of the high prices obtainable there. Now Mr. Carlile has the somewhat rare gift of sympathising with the natural man who is more concerned with the waste of elevenpence than with the metaphysics of prices. And thus he has a good word for the old Mercantile Theory. "The Evolution of Modern Money" is perhaps hardly a book to read in a punt on the river; but it puts abstruse facts in an interesting way, and it will enable the practical man to follow with new understanding the arguments on currency. Whether it is to be taken as final we must leave to experts to say.

Mr. Methuen has just published, in a handy form, Jacob Behmen's "Dialogues on the Supersensual Life," prefaced by a brief yet lucid appreciation by Mr. Bernard Holland. The writings of this mediæval mystic are pregnant and suggestive in an unusual degree, and will always be held in esteem by thoughtful people in whom the trend towards mysticism is highly developed. Behmen is chiefly concerned for the spirit of the law; for the letter, scarcely at all. For the first three dialogues Mr. Holland has relied on the translation of that master of English, William Law, while the last dialogue is taken from a translation of the eighteenth century. The quaint phrasing strikes strangely on the ear, but is not on that account the less attractive.



# THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: COMPETITORS AND PRIZE-WINNERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. BAKER



HUNTERS UNDER 15 STONE, FIVE YEARS OLD AND UPWARDS.



THE STONE-WALL JUMP.



THE BANK AND DITCH JUMP.



MR. E. SMITH'S WILD LUCY AND JENNY LIND, WINNERS IN THE DOUBLE HARNESS PONIES' COMPETITION.



THE DITCH AND BANK JUMP.



THE PARADE OF PRIZE-WINNERS.



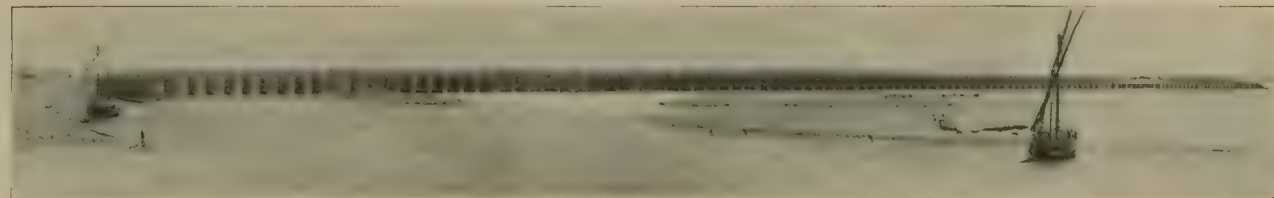
# THE PROGRESS OF THE NILE BARRAGE: THE WORKS IN JULY 1901.

PHOTOGRAPHS KINDLY LENT BY THE CONTRACTORS, MESSRS. JOHN AIRD AND CO



THE ASSOUAN DAM ON JULY 22, SHOWING THE BUILDING-IN OF THE SLUICE-LININGS.

It is now three years since the great dams across the Nile at Assouan and Assiout were begun, and the work to-day shows the most satisfactory progress. Our Illustrations, which are from photographs taken as recently as last July, give within their scope an excellent idea of what is being done and of the vast operations. The stone is obtained from quarries which were worked by the Pharaohs; and ten thousand men are daily employed. Eight thousand are Arabs;



THE BARRAGE AT ASSIOUT ON JULY 27.

the remainder are Italian granite-cutters. The Great Dam has been constructed with nearly two hundred sluices, which stretch in a straight line from bank to bank for a mile and a quarter. At low Nile it will hold up a lake about 146 miles long, and will cause the water to rise as far up as Korosko. The Lower Dam, at Assiout, not being interrupted by rocky islets, presents fewer difficulties, and the foundations ought to be finished this year.



THE ASSOUAN DAM ON JULY 22 (CONTINUATION OF THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE).





General Tufto  
(Mr. Lyston Lyle).

Becky Sharp  
(Miss Marie Tempest).

George Osborne  
(Mr. Kenneth Douglas).

Amelia Sedley  
(Miss Irene Rooke).

Mrs. O'Dowd  
(Miss Gladys Ffolliott).

The Marquis of Steyne  
(Mr. Gilbert Hare).



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is nearly three centuries ago since the first Muscovite mission set foot on French soil. It was sent by Michael Fedorovitch, who was the founder of the Romanoff dynasty, to Marie de Medicis, governing France in the name of her minor son, Louis XIII. As was usual then in cases of semi-civilised rulers despatching envoys to European potentates, the former requested the latter to defray all expenses of the representatives thus sent. It is an authenticated fact that, with the exception of Armand Duplessis, who was not as yet Cardinal de Richelieu, not one among the courtiers of Henri the Fourth's widow had as much as heard of Muscovy, and consequently, the request coming from Havre, where the Muscovites had landed, was nothing less than a surprise. The mission had not waited for the answer, but had travelled to St. Denis, too confident, perhaps, of a favourable reception, and was left "kicking its heels" there for a fortnight at the tavern "L'Épée Royale." Finally, it was arranged that the cost of its stay in Paris should be borne by the French Government to the extent of 2400*fr.*, but that all the preceding outlays should be left to their own responsibility. Even if we take it that the sum thus granted would represent in our days ten or twelve times that amount, it cannot be said that the provision erred on the side of lavishness, considering that similar guests had already then been treated in a far different manner. In short, Muscovy at that period was an unknown political quantity, and therefore perhaps a quantity it was deemed safe to neglect.

I am writing practically from memory, but I fancy something over a century elapsed before the greatest genius Russia ever produced paid his visit to the Court of the Regent, Philippe d'Orléans. Czar Peter was treated with all the pomp due to his station and fame, which had spread to the utmost corners of civilisation, but it is indeed doubtful whether, with the exception of St. Simon and the Regent's mother, that shrewd and wonderful Princess Palatine, anyone among Philippe's *entourage* had a just notion of the potentiality of that intellectual giant, as far as the future of his country was concerned. The elegant, subtle, and dissolute courtiers failed to take the mental and moral measure of the man; he, on the contrary, scarcely disguised his scorn of their effeminate ways. Long before the eighteenth century was at an end, Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour had learned to reckon with another Peter the Great—but that one in petticoats and surnamed Catherine the Great; and though her son Paul visited Versailles in Louis the Sixteenth's time, he caused no sensation, and was only taken into account by Bonaparte in his future combinations when he had succeeded to his mother's throne. What the alliance of the First Napoleon with the Emperor Alexander might have produced had not the Corsican converted him for the time being into a vehement and irreconcilable enemy, would be a fascinating subject for speculation on my part; as it was, France, at the fall of Napoleon, owed the return of the Bourbons to Paul's son—a doubtful boon, perhaps, but the real drift of which was guessed by at least one man—namely, Talleyrand, who at the Congress of Vienna endeavoured to curb Russia's schemes of aggrandisement in Europe by going in direct contradiction to his new Sovereign's instructions. It will be seen that up to then France owed nothing to Russia, while Russia by that time owed much, if not to France as a whole, at any rate to individual Frenchmen. Russia's culture is, to a great extent, the work of Frenchmen. Odessa would not be what it is but for the enlightened administration of the Duc de Richelieu, to whom Alexander I. was sufficiently sensible to give a free hand.

The obligation on Russia's part was not diminished during the first half of the nineteenth century, but somehow the French have never counted with the Empire of the Czars as they counted with other States. Their vanity has been gratified by the avowed preference of cultivated Russians for their capital, for their language and literature. They have forgotten, or do not care to remember, that in their direst straits Russia no more stretched forth a finger to save them than did Austria, Italy, or England, although the last did, at any rate, something for them when the struggle was at an end and the war indemnity had to be settled, not to mention the revictualing of their capital. They also fail to remember that Russia took advantage of their reverses to secure the neutralisation of the Black Sea, a proceeding which the Duc de Broglie, who signed the modification in London, in February 1871, vehemently denounced ever afterwards. Lord Granville, it is true, was a co-signatory; yet there was probably more resentment against him among French politicians than against Russia herself. Suddenly, in 1874, when Bismarck was suspected of wishing to force another war upon France, Alexander II. intervened. His action in the matter was real, and not imaginary, but it was not solitary. The particulars of the affair were not fully made known until after his death, but he alone, or rather his successors, got the credit of it, while England's share has been persistently ignored. The French are a grateful nation; their gratitude, however, wants leading; and French Republican statesmen, in view of the Egyptian imbroglio and other events, thought fit to lead it solely in the direction of Russia. The gratitude proved often more than embarrassing to Alexander III., who, like his grandfather, was not particularly fond of Republican institutions, and who, moreover, wanted nothing of France, either politically or financially. France would, however, take no denial, and without being churlish, Alexander III. could not resist, being, moreover, more or less inspired by his Consort, whose love for France sprang from her hatred of Germany. And thus the fiction gained ground that France had secured an ally: whether the fiction has developed into a reality, I, for one, am not prepared to say. One thing is certain: Russia is reaping the benefit either of the romance or the reality by finding without difficulty the moneysheavants, and that alone is worth the forthcoming journey of Nicholas II. to France, just as it was worth the previous one.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

L. DESANGES.—Glad to see your name in the list of solvers again. Your problem is under examination.  
W. B. (Plymouth).—Mr. Salway's excellent problem has led many of our solvers astray. In reply to your solution, it Black play 2. P takes P, how do you mate?  
F. RUTTER (Chester).—Your composition is decidedly ingenious; but, as we have stated many times, such problems are suitable only for chess magazines.

JEFF ALLEN.—We shall have pleasure in publishing your problem.

F. F. (Birmingham).—It was certainly a good performance against such a strong opponent.

T. A. WATTS (Mafeking, S.A.).—Try "The Two-Move Chess Problem," by B. G. Laws, published by Bell, York Street, Covent Garden.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2070 received from J. E. (Valparaiso): of Nos. 2084 and 2085 from C. A. M. (Ponang); of No. 2086 from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur, Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), and W. R. Paton; of No. 2087 from M. K. E. (Bombay), W. R. Paton, and M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 2090 from R. T. (Belfast), Shadforth, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and C. M. O. (Buxton); of No. 2091 from T. Trial, E. S. (Holbeach), Charles Burnett, Frank Clarke (Bingham), C. M. O. T. Colledge (Halliburton (Jedburgh), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H. Le Jeune, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), Dr. Goldsmith, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), H. S. Brandreth (Sweden), George Hackett (Acocks Green), L. Desanges, T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Clement C. Danby, C. E. Perugini, Marco Salem (Carlsbad), R. Worters (Canterbury), Edith Corser (Reigate), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Hereward, G. R. Croll (Glasgow), G. Lill (Gringley), W. von Beverhondt, and J. Hall.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2092 received from Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), Edith Corser (Reigate), F. W. Moore (Brighton), T. Roberts, Charles Burnett, H. Le Jeune, Martin F. C. E. Perugini, Alpha, F. Rutter (Chester), W. Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), W. A. Lillico (Loughton), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Hereward, Reginald Gordon, Frank Clarke (Bingham), J. W. R. (Canterbury), Sorrento, E. J. Winter Wood, L. Desanges, F. J. S. (Hampstead), L. Penfold, George R. Gatwood (Torquay), Shadforth, and J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2091.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE.

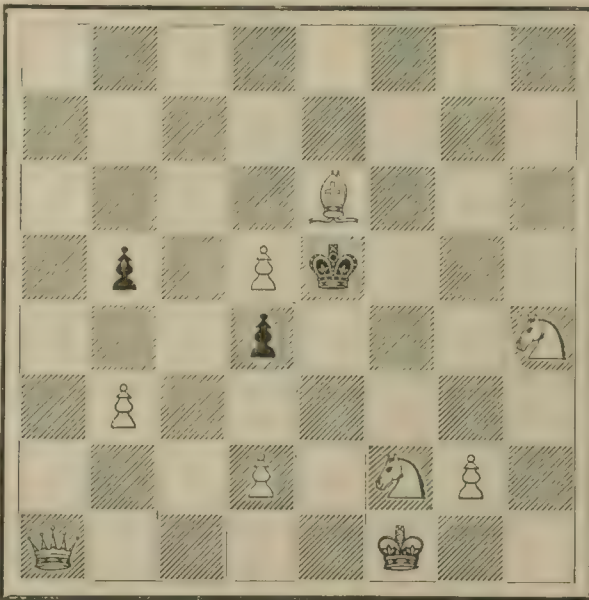
1. B to K 3rd
2. Mates.

BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2094.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Judge SMITH and Dr. McGRATHAN.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Judge S.)	BLACK (Dr. McG.)	WHITE (Judge S.)	BLACK (Dr. McG.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	B to K 4th	10. Castles	B takes Kt
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	Of course, giving too good a Pawn centre. Black's defence is perhaps weak, but there are some good points in the attack in this lively game.	
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. P takes B	K Kt to K 2nd
Kt to K B 3rd is stronger, threatening Kt takes K P or Kt to Kt 5th. White now gains a little time for his development.		12. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
5. B to B 4th	B to K 3rd	13. P to Q 5th	Kt takes K P
A poor move, as White may even take the piece with effect. Kt to K B 3rd was the proper play.		14. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
6. B to Q Kt 5th	Q to B 3rd	15. B takes B (ch)	K takes B
7. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P	16. P takes P	Q R to Q sq
8. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	17. B to R 3rd	K R to K sq
		18. R takes P	Q to Q R 3rd
		19. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	Resigns.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. LEBEDEV and S. ROMAKOVITCH.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	29. Q to Q 2nd	B to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	30. P to K 6th (ch)	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	This move shows the master hand, and turns the tables in White's favour.	
4. B to K B 4th	B to K 2nd	31. Kt to Q 4th (ch)	K takes P
5. P to K 3rd	Castles	32. Kt takes Kt P	K to B 2nd
6. P to B 5th	P to B 3rd	33. Q takes Q	Q to R 7th
7. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	34. Kt to B 3rd	B takes R
8. Kt to B 3rd	R to K sq	35. Kt takes R	K to K 3rd
9. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to B sq	36. Kt to B 2nd	B to Q 6th
10. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K 3rd	37. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 5th
11. Kt takes Kt	R P takes Kt	38. K to B 3rd	B to Q 6th
12. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 2nd	39. P to R 4th	B to Q sq
13. Castles	P to Q Kt 4th	40. B to Q 6th	B to B 5th
14. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	41. K to B 4th	B to Q 6th
15. Q to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th	42. K to Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd
16. B to K 5th		43. B takes B	K takes B
It is interesting to follow the well-balanced play in this close game. Here P to B 4th might be considered more enterprising, and possibly stronger. White no doubt intended to continue B takes Kt P.		44. K to B 4th	K to K 3rd
16.	P to K B 4th	45. P to K 4th	P takes P
17. P takes P	R P takes P	46. Kt takes P	K to Q 4th
18. R takes R	Q takes R	47. Kt to Q 6th	K to K 3rd
19. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd	K to Q 5th appears to lose, as White replies with Kt to K 8th or Kt to B 7th. White, however, forces a win in this position in any case, and the whole contest is finely played.	
20. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 5th	48. K to K 3rd	B to B 8th
21. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	49. K to Q 4th	B to R 3rd
22. B to B 4th	K to B 2nd	50. K to B 3rd	B to B 8th
23. P to K B 3rd	P takes P	51. K to Kt 3rd	K to K 4th
24. Kt to Kt sq		52. K to R 4th	K to B 5th
If R takes P, Black would get an attack by Q to R 6th.		53. K to R 5th	B to Kt 5th
24.	P to K 4th	54. K to Kt 6th	K to Kt 7th
25. P takes P	B to K 3rd	55. Kt to B 8th	K takes P
26. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to R 6th	56. Kt to K 7th	K takes P
27. R to Q Kt sq	R to R sq	57. Kt takes B P	K to B 5th
28. Kt takes P	R to R 5th	58. P to Kt 5th	Resigns.

## NOTE.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The other day an interesting question was put to me, in the shape of an inquiry "why we take coffee after dinner." The person who made this inquiry proceeded to remark on the general ignorance which prevails, even among educated people, regarding the vital processes which figure so prominently in their personal history. It was added that possibly I might be able to throw a little light on the "coffee after dinner" question, and thus make plain the nature, uses, or, it might be, the disadvantages, of a common dietetic habit.

It so happens that this very topic—that of the influence of food accessories on digestion—has attracted the attention of more than one distinguished physiologist and medical man, among them the late Sir W. Roberts, M.D., of Manchester; so that one is in a position not only of being able to afford some information on a topic of considerable importance to health, but to throw light on the possible meaning of a familiar social custom as well. I have heard sarcastic persons dispose of the coffee question in a very light and airy fashion indeed. Coffee, they argue, is an antidote to alcohol; therefore it is served after dinner—black, as a rule, because it is more potent—in order to oppose the effects of our libations, or, in plain English, to sober us, and render us fit "to join the ladies." I am not quite sure that there is not an element of truth in this statement. I do not say it comprises the whole truth, nor am I suggesting that coffee as an alcoholic antidote is required in polite society.

Beyond this decidedly low view of the use of coffee after dinner lies another and a broader aspect. To understand this further phase of the question, one must refer to the scientific investigation which teaches us the effects exerted by coffee (and by tea also) on the work of digestion in the stomach. Long ago Dr. J. W. Fraser published his researches on "meat" or "high" teas, those indiscriminate meals that partake of the hybrid character of dinner and tea combined, and which are, or should be, the abomination of every well-regulated physiological mind. Dr. Fraser found that with the exception of salt foods all other articles of diet had their digestion retarded when tea and coffee were taken. Nobody doubts, therefore, that the after-dinner coffee will slow digestion, and interfere with the due performance of the stomach's work.

The experiments conducted with the view of determining these facts were of a highly interesting nature. A digestible mixture was prepared, after the fashion well known in our laboratories, where one may see the process performed in a test-tube. The natural time for completing the digestion of the food was one hundred minutes. Now, adding first a 10 per cent. proportion of tea to the digesting food (the tea being of 5 per cent. strength), digestion was delayed five minutes; with coffee of the same percentage and strength, the delay was also five minutes; but with coffee of 15 per cent. strength, the delay amounted to sixty minutes.

When tea and coffee were used in the proportion of 20 per cent. of the digesting mixture, a 5 per cent. solution of either delayed digestion for forty minutes; but when the 15 per cent. strength of coffee was used, digestion was described as "embarrassed." With 40 per cent. proportion of either, and the 5 per cent. strength, the delay amounted to eighty minutes over the normal hundred. When the 15 per cent. coffee strength was used, there was "almost no action."

Now coffee is usually made stronger than is tea, and its effects will be proportionately more potent, as Sir W. Roberts remarks, in retarding digestion in the stomach. "Café noir" in particular was noted to delay digestion in a very decided fashion, so that, reviewing these facts, we have now to face the further question of the effects the use of the after-dinner coffee is likely to exert on our health. Beyond this physiological question lies yet another matter: that of any possible beneficial influence which may accrue from the familiar practice of using coffee after meals.

Our authorities deal with the question from a much wider point of view than that which might tempt us to argue that coffee and tea so used are of necessity injurious items in the series of diet accessories. Looking at the list of these latter items, one finds that alcohol in anything but mild proportion also retards the performance of the stomach's duties. The question therefore remains, Is this retardation of our digestion a good thing, an evil thing, or can we afford to let it slip as an entirely negligible quantity in the matter of our health? Sir W. Roberts tells us that in some respects it is of an advantage that we should not digest our food too quickly or too easily. If it be asked why should we ever attain to this latter stage of matters, the reply of the man of science is that civilisation, through the perfecting of the culinary art, has placed our food before us in a condition favouring rapid digestion. Hence our after-dinner coffee, by slowing down that process, really enables us to make more of our nutrition than we should do in absence of the familiar post-prandial cup.

"Do nothing in a hurry," is the motto of the physiologist in respect of our grave digestive duties. When we assimilate our food rapidly we are feeding the vital fire with straw in place of with coal. The former blazes away, and often needs renewal, while the latter burns slowly, with more complete combustion, and gives a more equable supply of heat. Coffee and other things which hinder digestion, then, are to be regarded as damping down the digestive fires. This is Sir W. Roberts's own comparison. It exactly expresses what the physiological facts testify and demonstrate. And so, within limits, we may still enjoy our café noir. Those of us who lag behind in our digestive arrangements will be equally wise if they refuse the fragrant Mocha.



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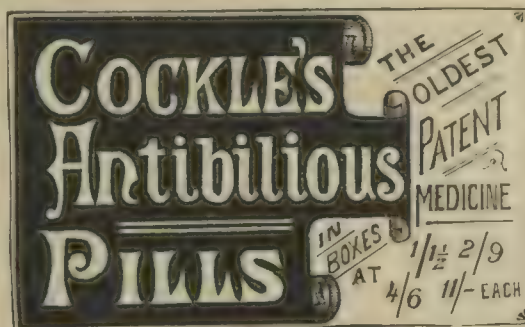
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## LADIES' PAGES.

Very precious documents, and yet having so much responsibility connected with their right usage that it is difficult to guess what will be done with them, are the diaries kept by Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter. During all her life, from the time of her accession, the late Queen never failed to make an entry each evening in her diary of the day's proceedings. It was of inestimable value to the biographer of the Prince Consort, who was allowed to make numerous direct quotations therefrom; and Queen Victoria herself, of course, published a small portion of the diary referring to her life in the Highlands; but in the main those many volumes after the Prince Consort's death have not been drawn upon for any public record. The late Queen's diary was, indeed, rightly held to be so precious and sacred that when it was rebound some years ago, a lady representing the royal diarist was present with the binder the whole time, leaving the volumes when work hours ended under lock and key till the time for beginning work again next morning. The candour and fullness of the entries can be judged from the samples that we have been allowed to see; but the industry and determination displayed in keeping the record were even more interesting as a characteristic. How many of us have tried to do the like and failed! But to Queen Victoria, weary with great ceremonials or resting in her own quiet country home, it was all one—it was a recognised duty, and therefore each night the entry was made. In later years the late Queen used to make this journalising serve a double purpose: she wrote it in Hindustani, so as to practise her newly acquired language at the same time as the record was made. But what will now become of those intensely interesting volumes? Will not King Edward authorise somebody of discretion and judgment to write from them the widowed life of Queen Victoria as fully as Sir Theodore Martin wrote of her earlier years from the same source?

One previous royal diarist there was in the person of little Edward VI., and truly the arrogance and self-consciousness of his journals, with the heartlessness of some of the references to his uncle and guardian in the day of his misfortune, are very unpleasing: but Edward VI. was still a child when he died, and it would be absurd to compare his miniature journals with Queen Victoria's vivid, artless, and charmingly frank records. Queen Elizabeth could never have told the truth in any journals that might possibly meet the eye of others in later times. Her style was curiously involved, winding in and out through groves of parentheses, till the meaning became doubtful and obscure, in those of her letters that were of the nature of State papers. Yet that this obscurity was deliberate—or, rather, that diplomatic art had become second nature to her—is shown by the perfect clarity and terseness of her really private letters. Mary Queen of Scots was eloquent in her writings. Many



THREE-SKIRTED GOWN IN ALPACA AND SATIN.

volumes of her letters have been printed; for, with that extraordinary power of fascination that she exercised in life, and carried beyond the tomb, she found an admirer in the last century—the Russian Prince Labanoff—who devoted a large fortune and endless trouble to finding, copying, and printing all that unfortunate Queen's letters. Queen Anne's letters to the Duchess of Marlborough are despicable: ill-spelt and worse composed, and sickening in their fawning cowardice, prostrating the Sovereign before her subject.

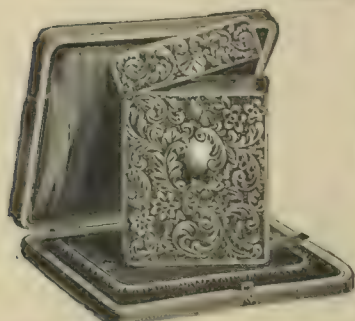
It is no flattery of our own Royal Family to say that the literary compositions of Queen Victoria stand far above all those other royal writings, and it will be a serious loss if her diaries are not preserved for history. She observed everything; and she had the gift of recounting details in perfect sequence, and in simple, unaffected, but always interesting words. No professional descriptive writer could make a scene more vivid to the reader than she does. As a single illustration, take the whole of Queen Victoria's description of her visit to the French Court. There is a rapid but perfectly picturesque sketch of the Empress of the French as she stood at the head of the great staircase at Versailles to receive the English Queen, whom the Emperor had escorted from St. Cloud to the grand ball in the Galerie des Glaces: "The Palace was illuminated throughout with lamps, which had a charming effect. The staircase, finely lighted up and carpeted, looked not like the same staircase that we had seen a few days before. The Empress met us at the top of the staircase, looking like a fairy queen or nymph, in a white dress trimmed with bunches of grass and diamonds—a beautiful *tour de corsage* of diamonds round the top of her dress all *en rivière*, and the same round her waist, and a corresponding coiffure, with her Spanish and Portuguese orders. The Emperor said when she appeared: '*Comme tu es belle!*'" Then follows a description of the scene in the Galerie des Glaces, of the illuminations outside in the Park, of the fireworks, of the way the tables were arranged for supper. No "special correspondent" could have been more observant in the passing of the events or more graphic in the description. It is admirably done.

Fashion authorities say that we are to have a reaction from the greys and mauves of mourning in the shape of an outburst of exceedingly bright tones for the autumn. Red is to be very much used. It ranges in the new materials from the wine-red shades to a crimson-purple tone. Though red sounds rather trying, there is, in fact, no woman's complexion and general colouring that cannot be exactly suited by some shade of it, and then, almost any other colour goes with it satisfactorily. Velvet is remarkably good in the darker red tones; and for indoor dresses or tea-gowns for the cool days that are surely approaching with the shortening of the sunlight, there is no better material than velvet, or its soft and beautiful imitation, velveteen, which is (rare fact) almost as good as what it imitates—indeed, for tea-gowns in Empire designs

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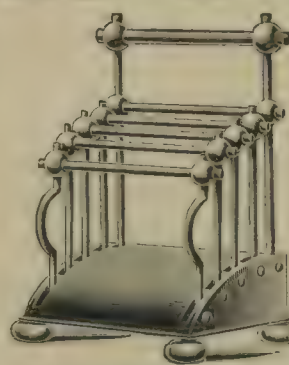
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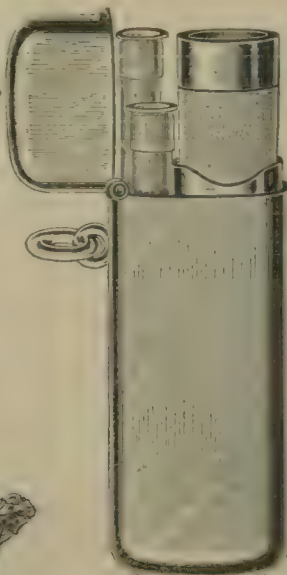
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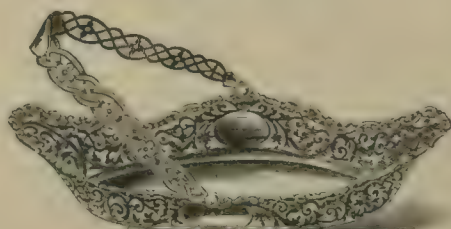
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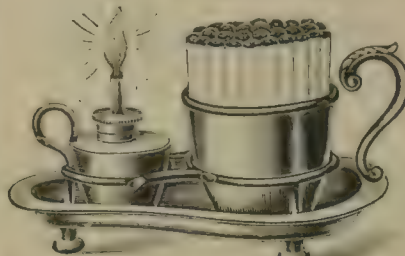
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or with Watteau pleats, velveteen is rather to be preferred, as there is a certain stiffness in the silken back of real velvet. A tea-jacket is another very useful garment that red velveteen may be entrusted to concoct with satisfaction to the wearer. Have it made with a basque from just over the hips, cut off short in front, and provided with a dainty vest of guipure on white chiffon or some soft lace on satin, and it will be a pleasure to you. For reception-dresses, of-course, real velvet is to be selected by all who can afford it, as it makes an incomparably smart dress for cool weather. A visiting-gown in rich red velvet toned down with a fichu of yellowed old lace, or with a front of embroidered chiffon, or a vest of cream mousseline-de-soie laid over a pale yellow silk foundation, will be quite ideal.

One new model in wine-red velvet has a fichu over the shoulders of creamy old-rose point; with a front of pleated chiffon laid upon mauve satin; the sleeves are of velvet tucked to the elbow, and then falling loose over a puffing of lace on the mauve. It is indeed surprising to see the tones that the clever colour-sense of the great designers of dress allows them to place in combination. Another of the red velvet models has a pale blue deep swathed belt under a white chiffon vest; the coat of the velvet is cut away just above the hips at the sides, but at the exact back has Directoire tails, and these are visibly lined with blue. A chou of narrow black velvet ribbon is placed at the right side of the throat, and again at the left side of the waist, to relieve this rather daring combination.

Walking-dresses are also to be made in red very largely, and with these gold and blue are combined. White is intermixed with the red too, and so is black. A cerise cloth is banded with three rows of brown fur, and the bodice turns back with narrow revers edged with the same fur from a lace cravat which forms the collar also. It is early to be talking of fur trimmings, but of course the models that one is introduced to are prepared for the weeks that are coming, and not for those that are past and gone. Basques are coming in on the autumn models; postilion-tails at the back, or set on all round "New-market" style. As a great contrast to those stern gowns of the coming time, I have seen a model for an evening gown made entirely of paillettes of gold. It is not a shimmering, bright tone of gold, but the dull shade that the French call "or mat"; but at the foot of the skirt there are paillettes of the brightest sheen, introduced so as to form a design of flowers in relief. The form of this wonderful confection is Empire, and the little bodice or bust-piece is of guipure lace topped with a twist of yellow chiffon, in which to pin the diamond brooches.

The costumes of the Waterloo period (which is practically what we call the Empire) to be seen in "Becky Sharp" are positively enchanting. When Miss Marie

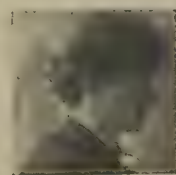


AFTERNOON DRESS OF TUCKED VOILE.

Tempest appears as a Watteau shepherdess, ready for her performance in the tableaux at Gaunt House, one grants and admires her fascinating looks, but does not feel impelled to imitate. The late Georgian or Empire costumes that she wears are, on the contrary, so becoming, and withal look so comfortable and practical, that they might be copied forthwith. The Empire style will, no doubt, receive an impetus from this very delightful play. As women's dress must always have some point of folly, it appears here in the shape of the thin shoes, cut low over the instep and held on by straps; but the short skirts that quite clear the ground, and by means of which we are able to see the dainty but silly shoes, are themselves most hygienic as well as becoming. It is, like our present partial revival of Empire fashions, a triumph of muslins and gauziness in general. Amelia Sedley before her marriage looks charming in her Empire walking-dress of white muslin over blue, with a fichu and sash outlining the bust of blue-and-white striped silk edged with fringe. Even more dainty is Miss Rooke's costume as the neglected bride of Lieutenant Osborne at Brussels: a pinkish-heliotrope gauze, inserted diagonally with bands of white lace over heliotrope satin. She wears a white silk pelisse embroidered round with heliotrope silk, and a delightful bonnet, the crown a "jam-pot" in heliotrope silk, and the front a high "poke" of lace edged all round with a fall of lace. These bonnets framing the face widely become everybody on the stage. Mrs. O'Dowd's headgear is rather absurd, in emerald-green satin, trimmed with a long white ostrich plume that starts at the very neck at the back and is not satisfied till it peeps over the brim in front; but though a little grotesque, it is very becoming. Miss Marie Tempest wears one gown more charming than its predecessor. The white gauze embroidered in gold laurel-leaf wreaths round the skirt and on the little Empire bodice in which Becky Sharp goes to Court might be copied exactly with success for an evening gown of to-day.

One of our illustrations shows us the new "three-decker" skirt which is likely to be used for face-cloth and other not too thick gowns for autumn wear. In the sketch, the material employed is alpaca, which is a good travelling-gown material at all seasons under a wrap proportioned to the coldness of the weather. The pretty bodice has a touch of the Directoire in its gauntlet cuffs of white satin trimmed with squares of lace, and its front to match, with velvet strappings fastened down by gold buttons. There is a large black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. The other is an afternoon dress in tucked voile trimmed with bands of lace on which squares of lace are set. The hat is a tricorne, with plumes.

It is always interesting to hear that dainties that are appreciated amongst us are honoured by the liking of foreign potentates. Messrs. Macfarlane, Lang, and Co., the famous Scotch biscuit-manufacturers, who hold so many gold medals, have been appointed purveyors of their special goods to the Czar of Russia.—FILOMENA.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1886), with two codicils (dated Nov. 10, 1900, and Feb. 12, 1901), of Major Robert Kirkpatrick Taylor, of Grovelands, Southgate, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 28 by Captain John Vickris Taylor, the son, Major-General Edward Musgrave Beadon, Major Montagu Barton, and Frederic Mildred, the executors, the value of the estate being £291,833. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Susan Mary Venetia Taylor; £1000 to his sister, Mrs. Henrietta Maria Seppings, and £50 each to her children; £100 to George D. Seppings; £100 to Surgeon-General Alexander Fisher Bartley; £100 to Major Fowke; £800 to Major-General Beadon; £400 each to Major Barton and Frederic Mildred; £100 to Lilian Macartney; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves in various shares, upon trust, for his wife and children, the share of his wife to be held, upon trust, for her for life, and then as to £2000 part thereof as she shall appoint, and the remainder as she shall appoint to their children or remoter issue.

The will (dated June 7, 1891) of Mr. Harold Michell Courage, of Snowdenham Hall, Bramley, and of the Anchor Brewery, Horselydown, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on Aug. 28 by George Nicholas Hardinge, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £155,175. The testator gives the Snowdenham Hall and farm estates to his brother Godfrey Michell Courage, for life, with remainder to his first and other

sons in seniority in tail male, and the furniture, pictures, plate, etc., therein are to devolve as heirlooms therewith; the freehold property at Shamley Green and Womersley to his brother John Michell; and the Manor Farm property, and his hereditaments and premises in Bermondsey, to his brother Oswald Michell. He bequeaths £1000 each to Captain Stuart St. John Farquhar and Mowbray Gore Farquhar; £250 to his executor; and an annuity of £100 to his man Karl Rammel. The residue of his property he leaves to his said three brothers and his sister, Mrs. Annie Pain, in equal shares. He states that he leaves nothing to his brother Charles, he having sufficient.

The will (dated June 29, 1900), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13 following), of Mr. William Leckie Robinson, J.P., of The Elms, Coventry, who died on June 16, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Harriet Emma Robinson, the widow, and Herbert William Robinson, Shirley Hilton Robinson, and Vaughan Wickenden Robinson; the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £128,544. The testator bequeaths £250 and his household furniture to his wife; £1000 each to the Baptist College (Bristol) and the Baptist Missionary Society; £1000 to the Rev. William John Henderson; a piece of land at Coventry to the trustees of the Queen's Road Baptist Chapel for the erection thereon of a Sunday-school; 370 shares in Robinson Brothers, Limited, each to his sons Leonard George, Vaughan Wickenden, Carey Burt, and Howard Martin; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to

his children Alice Emma, Ada Harriet, Herbert William, Shirley Hilton, Vaughan Wickenden, Leonard George, Carey Burt, and Howard Martin, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1886) of Mrs. Selina Laura Longstaffe, of Little Ponton Hall, Grantham, who died on June 15, was proved on Aug. 12 by Major William Longstaffe, the husband, the value of the estate being £55,373. The testatrix gives all her real estate, £5000, her furniture and household effects, and her interest in the lease of Little Ponton Hall, to her husband; and an annuity of £100 to her maid, Ellen Denham Kearsley. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband for life; and then as to £1000 each to Miss Bertha Brooke, Miss Evelyn Woolward, and Mrs. Jane F. Cartman; £100 each to the Grantham Hospital and the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Rise); and the ultimate residue, including plate and diamonds, to her first cousin Colonel Edward James Saunderson, M.P.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Feb. 7, 1898), with a codicil (dated Dec. 21, 1898), of Mr. John Smiley Howden, of Invermore, Larne, who died on April 30, granted to Miss Annie S. Howden and Mrs. Catherine MacKean, the sisters, and William Muir MacKean, the executors, was resealed in London on Aug. 24, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £54,821. The testator gives £1000 each to his brother Charles, his nephews William Muir MacKean and Charles L. MacKean, and his niece Madge MacKean; £1000 and his household furniture to his sister, Miss Howden; his

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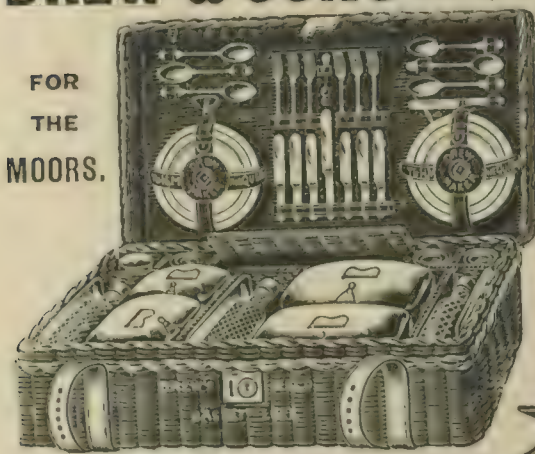
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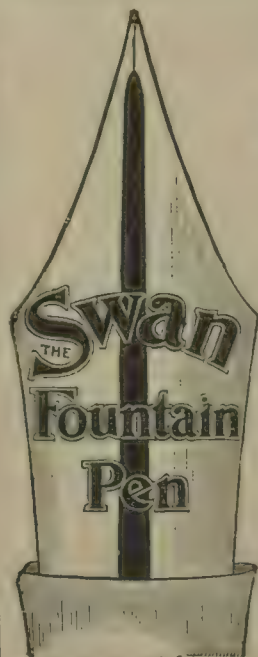
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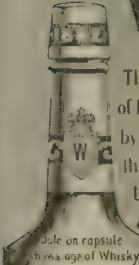


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share of the goodwill, stock-in-trade, etc., of his partnership business to Charles L. MacKean and William Harbison; £250 each to the Annie Clarke Trust, for the Larne Nursing Society, the Larne Grammar School, and the new schools of the First Larne Presbyterian Church; £500, upon trust, for certain poor of Larne and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each to his two sisters, and one third, upon trust, for his mother for life, then for his brother Charles, and at his death in equal shares for his two sisters.

The will (dated March 13, 1899) of Mr. George Mundy launcey, of Broomford Manor, Jacobstowe, Devon, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 21 by Henry Attlee and John Alexander Druce, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,220. The testator gives £9000 and certain farms and lands at Jacobstowe to his cousin Sir Robert Thomas White-Thomson; £9000 between Horatio, John Bidgood, and Helen, the children of his brother Charles; £1500 to Mrs. Louisa Godfrey; £500 each to Mrs. Louisa Constance Fellowes and Mrs. Sophia

Jauncey; £200 to his niece Helen Mary Dickinson; £250 each to Helen Allen and Blanche Jauncey; £200 each to Remington and Leonard White-Thomson; £100 each to the Hon. Theodora and the Hon. Margaret White-Thomson; £200 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Townstal, upon trust, to apply the income in keeping in repair the graves of his father and mother, and to distribute the remainder of the income among the poor on Christmas Day; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Sir Robert White-Thomson.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 17, 1898), of Mrs. Frances Ridley, of Hollington House, East Woodhay, Hants, who died on June 18, was proved on Aug. 1 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Matthew Ridley and Walter Colborne Ridley, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,887. The testatrix gives farm stock of the value of £2000 to her son Henry Matthew; £2000 to her son Arthur William, her jewels to her daughters Helen Elizabeth and Lucy Frances; and there are other gifts

to her children. She appoints the funds passing under the will of her father, John Touchet, to her children, Henry Matthew, Walter Colborne, James Francis, Reginald Oliver, Arthur William, Helen Elizabeth, Lucy Frances, and Maria Sarah; and leaves the residue of her property, including the funds of her marriage settlement, to her sons Henry Matthew, Walter Colborne, James Francis, and Reginald Oliver.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1899) of Mr. John Mackintosh Smith, of 23, Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 22 by Mrs. Margaret Mackintosh Smith, the widow, and Margaret Evelyn Mackintosh Smith and Christine Lelia Constance Mackintosh Smith, the daughters, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,952. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife; £1200 to his sister, Mrs. Elsie Willox; £250 to John Knill Symons; and £250 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice Butler. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his wife, and two thirds between his children.

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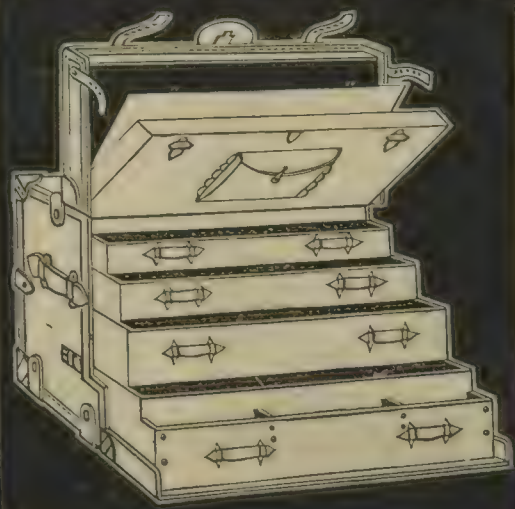
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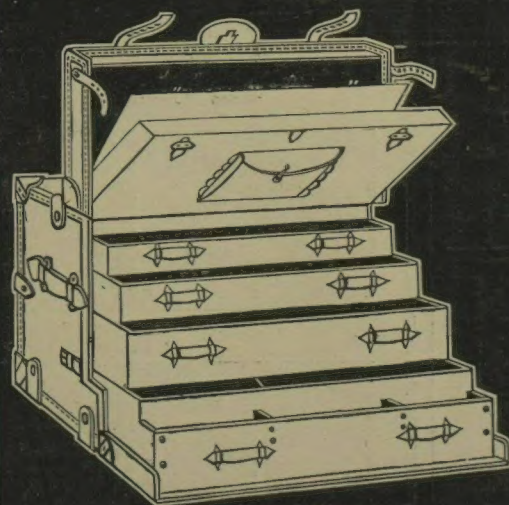
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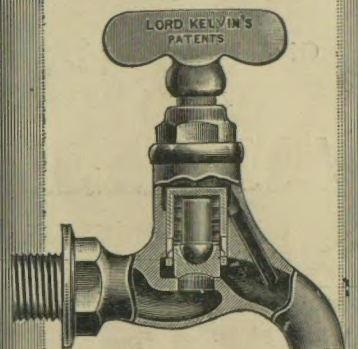
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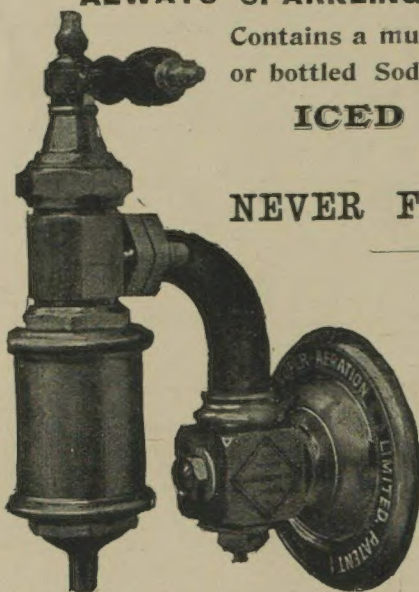
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